FREDERIC;

OR,

THE LIBERTINE.

FREDERIC,

OR THE

LIBERTINE;

INCLUDING

MEMOIRS

OF THE

FAMILY OF MONTAGUE:

A NOVEL.

——*Garrit aniles*
Ex re fabellas.—— HORACE.

The chearful Sage, when solemn dictates fail,
Conceals the moral counsel in a Tale.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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FREDERIC;

OR,

THE LIBERTINE.

CHAP. XVI.

CONTAINING THE RECEIPT OF LETTERS FROM SCOTLAND; AND PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE MADE TO MISS CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.

DURING the converſation between Miſs Cecil and her brother, Charlotte and Sophia had withdrawn, and on their return they informed their uncle and aunt, they had

examined their ſiſters apartments, and found that the moſt valuable part of their cloaths were gone, together with their jewels, and all the money they had. Theſe circumſtances clearly proved, that their elopement had been premeditated, and that their pretence of illneſs that afternoon, was calculated to conceal their plan from immediate detection.

It now being late, Mr. Cecil adviſed Charlotte and Sophia to reconcile the unhappy event to themſelves as well as they could, and to guard againſt falling into the error their ſiſters had done; after which their friends retired.

Mr. Cecil and the Vicar viſited them daily, and the latter embraced every opportunity of diſſipating their ſorrow, and expreſſed every generous and

and humane ſentiment on the melancholy occaſion, which greatly engaged the attention of Charlotte in particular.

More than a fortnight paſſed before any news was heard of Emily and Harriet; at length Mr. Cecil received letters from the two players, dated from Scotland, wherein they acquainted him of having married his nieces; and after telling him, in a pompous ſtyle, that they were gentlemen, and expected to be treated as ſuch, deſired a remittance of five hundred pounds to each, and that he would prepare to pay the whole of their wives fortunes without delay.

The ladies wrote two as laconic epiſtles to their ſiſters, and inſtead of apologizing for their conduct, told them they conſidered themſelves juſ-

tified in acting as they had done, having pleaſed themſelves, which they had a right to do, without conſulting any one; and that, in the ſtep they had taken, they had conſidered their own happineſs, and experienced every felicity they expected.

Mr. Cecil anſwered the gentlemens' letters, and informed them, that by the will of their wives' father, their fortunes were not to be paid till they were of age; and as they had married before that time, the will directed, in that caſe, the whole of their fortunes ſhould be ſettled upon them and their iſſue after their deaths; and in default of iſſue, to become the property of their ſurviving ſiſters, or their heirs.

And as the intereſt of their fortunes was conſiderable, it was further directed, that only one hundred pounds was to be their annual allowance for their

their ſupport during their minority, in order that the ſurplus might be added to the capital. This allowance, he told them, he would punctually pay half yearly, and ſettle their fortunes when they came of age, according to the mode ſpecified in the will. He alſo informed them, they might expect ſtrict juſtice from him, as executor to the father of their wives, but the illiberality of their behaviour, and the knowledge he had of their general characters, had determined him not to ſhew them any favour.

Charlotte and Sophia thought their uncle's letters rather too ſevere, and ſhed a torrent of tears when he read them to the Vicar, who approved of them.——Mr. Cecil remarked, it was well for Emily and Harriet their father's will contained the reſtriction and exceptions it did; otherwiſe, he was

perſuaded their fortunes would ſoon be ſquandered away, and they and their children, perhaps, left to diſtreſs and beggary.—He forbade Charlotte and Sophia writing to their ſiſters, obſerving, that their conduct had been too imprudent to merit ſuch a condeſcenſion; and though he ſincerely lamented their folly and raſh indiſcretion, any reſpect or favour ſhewn them immediately, in his opinion, would have the appearance of countenancing the ſtep they had taken.

Our two theatrical fortune-hunters had got intelligence of the opulent fortunes of the Miſs Montagues, and both being favoured by nature in their perſons, they reſolved to make a bold puſh.—Emily and Harriet were of a romantic turn of mind, as has been before hinted, and the impreſſion theſe heroes made on them when they per-

performed in Romeo and Juliet, was not eaſily removed.—Emily was ſtruck with Romeo, and Harriet with Mercutio.

The frequency of theſe gentlemens' viſits to their houſe with the liſt of their plays, gave them an opportunity of converſing with the ladies, and they ſoon diſcovered the marks they were to point at. They were maſters of the arts of addreſs and inſinuation, and it was not long before they fixed an attention not eaſily to be removed. The ladies minds ſoon became too much embarraſſed for reaſon to have any influence with them. This was perceived by our adventurers, and as they knew delays might be dangerous, they took the firſt favourable opportunity to make an offer of marriage, which, on account of the ladies minority, was propoſed to be accompliſhed

by an elopement to Scotland. The plan was agreed to by the ladies, after ſome heſitation, and carried into execution in the manner already related.

When our adventurers received Mr. Cecil's letters, their exultation on their ſucceſs was greatly abated. They were in Scotland with a wife each, and very little money; for though they had been there but a ſhort time, they had ſquandered away the greateſt part of the caſh the ladies took with them, and they found it would be ſix months before they could make any demand on Mr. Cecil, and then only for fifty pounds each.—Theſe circumſtances obliged the new-married ladies to diſpoſe of their jewels for a preſent ſupport, after which it was agreed for them to try their fortunes as chance ſhould direct. We ſhall therefore leave them for the preſent, and proceed

ceed to matters of greater importance.

Mr. Cecil was rendered extremely uneaſy, when he reflected on the conduct of his nephew and his two nieces; and though Charlotte and Sophia had hitherto behaved with the higheſt decorum and obedience, yet he had his fears reſpecting them. Their perſons, accompliſhments and fortune, were likely to engage the notice of a number of admirers, and as it is not always a prudent choice is made in theſe caſes, he reſolved to fix Charlotte with the Vicar, if ſhe could be brought to approve of him, being of opinion a more eligible offer was not likely to preſent itſelf. And with reſpect to Sophia, though not yet ſeventeen, he thought it beſt to provide a good huſband for her, leſt ſhe ſhould make an improper choice for herſelf.

He

He embraced the firſt opportunity of acquainting Charlotte of the Vicar's ſentiments and wiſhes reſpecting her; but obſerved, that though ſuch an union would be highly agreeable to him, yet, as it was a matter in which her own happineſs was principally concerned, ſhe was at full liberty to accept or refuſe the propoſal; for though he recommended it to her conſideration, it was not his intention to enforce it with any kind of authority; and concluded with requeſting ſhe would think of the matter, and give him an anſwer on ſome future day, if ſhe was not prepared to do it then.

Charlotte bluſhed continually while her uncle was ſpeaking, but after recovering from an evident confuſion, ſhe liberally declared, Mr. Temple's kind behaviour and generous attention to her and Sophia, on the diſtreſs occaſioned

caſioned by the imprudent conduct of their ſiſters, had given birth to a regard for him, which at firſt impreſſed itſelf upon her almoſt inſenſibly, but had ſince engaged her mind more forcibly; and as ſhe was well acquainted with his amiable diſpoſition, and the rectitude of his general character, it would be diſſembling her ſentiments not to own, that ſuch an alliance would be perfectly agreeable, eſpecially as it met with his approbation. Her uncle was charmed with her unreſerved and liberal confeſſion, and aſſured her, the generoſity of her conduct, and the great attention ſhe paid to his advice, upon every occaſion, would endear her to him during life.

Mr. Cecil ſent for the Vicar, on his return home, and acquainted him with what had paſſed between him and his niece, and in about three months after a mar-

a marriage took place between Mr. Temple and Miſs Montague, to the great joy and general ſatisfaction of all parties, for even Miſs Cecil approved of the match; though ſhe would not ſuffer it to take place till ſhe had caſt the Vicar's nativity, which, after ſix weeks cloſe application, ſhe accompliſhed, and pronounced him born under a fortunate planet, and that he would be a biſhop, and perhaps an archbiſhop, before he died; however, we can aſſure our readers, her prediction has not yet been realized.

Soon after the celebration of their nuptials, Mr. Cecil had occaſion to go to London on particular buſineſs; in conſequence of which, he made a propoſal for his ſiſter and the young folks to accompany him, as they had never made a viſit to the capital. This was unanimouſly agreed to; only Miſs Cecil

Cecil inſiſted that the time of ſetting out ſhould be left to her direction, there being, as ſhe ſaid, many unlucky days in the Calendar juſt at that juncture, on which account ſhe choſe to conſult the ſtars, that ſhe might be ſatisfied of embracing an opportunity favourable to ſo important a peregrination, as ſhe called their intended journey.

The reſt of the party thought prudent to indulge her humour, and therefore reſolved patiently to wait her pleaſure.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

IN WHICH THE READER MUST QUIT YORKSHIRE, AND RETURN TO LONDON.

THE folly and unbounded extravagance of young Montague, ſoon diſſipated the money he received for his father's legacy, in conſequence of which his credit began to fail, his gay companions forſook him by degrees, the ſunſhine of his ſhort-lived proſperity was haſtening into obſcurity, while diſgrace and ruin were making their approach with haſty ſtrides towards him.—Guilt, with all her horrors, ſtared him in the face, yet prompted

prompted neither repentance nor reflection.—Remorſe held a momentary ſeat in his boſom, but was ſoon baniſhed by a reſolution of purſuing every lawleſs method to ſupport himſelf and his vices, regardleſs of conſequences.

He quitted his ſplendid lodgings and retired to an obſcure part of the town, in order to avoid the ſolicitations and perſecution of his diſappointed creditors; but it was not long ere his retreat was diſcovered, and he found himſelf ſurrounded by bailiffs.—Thus circumſtanced, he kept himſelf confined till he could quit that ſituation with ſafety, which he did in a few days. His next retreat was not immediately diſcovered, but as his haunts were known, he was one night arreſted in the purlieus of Covent-Garden.——Being powerfully ſtrong, and favoured by the darkneſs of the night,

night, he forced himſelf from the bailiff and his follower, and effected his eſcape.

He would certainly have been retaken, had it not been for a favourable circumſtance which happened.—As he was running from his purſuers, he found they gained ground upon him, and that their number increaſed by means of the hue and cry conſtantly kept up. However, juſt as he was about to reſign himſelf to his fate, being almoſt breathleſs, on turning the corner of a ſtreet he perceived a ſervant ſtanding at the door of a houſe which ſtood wide open. Without heſitation or apology, he ruſhed into the paſſage, ſhut the door, and immediately ran up ſtairs, opening the firſt apartment he came to.

On his entering the room, he perceived it was a bedchamber, where he found a lady half undreſſed, who concluded, from the ſcreams of the maid below, whom he had ſhut into the paſſage, that his deſign was to rob her. Under this idea, ſhe fell on her knees and begged he would ſpare her life, on which condition, ſhe told him, he ſhould be welcome to her purſe and whatever valuables he choſe to take.

Notwithſtanding his abandoned principles, the ſatisfaction of his preſent ſecurity, and the ſight of a fine woman in tears, kneeling at his feet, made a temporary virtuous impreſſion on his mind. He inſtantly raiſed the lady up, and apologized, in the politeſt manner, for the abruptneſs of the intruſion, and the diſtreſs he had occaſioned.—On this the lady became

more compoſed, and begged, if he came not there on any bad deſign, that he would inſtantly depart.

"Madam," replied Frederic, "I came not here on any baſe intention; circumſtances and chance led me to make this intruſion, for the protection of my perſon. I was purſued by bailiffs, and in immediate danger of being taken, when I fortunately found the door of your houſe providentially open. I ruſhed in, regardleſs of ceremony or conſequences, my own ſecucurity being the ſole object of my attention. I would moſt willingly withdraw, Madam, as I ought to do," continued he, "were I not apprehenſive of danger; and, therefore, I moſt humbly ſolicit your permiſſion to ſhelter myſelf here this night. Think of me as you pleaſe, Madam, yet reſt

aſſured,

aſſured, you have nothing to fear from a compliance with my requeſt."

"Sir," ſaid the lady, "what you have related may be true, but circumſtanced as I am, it is neither conſiſtent with my credit or my peace of mind, to let a ſtranger remain here all night."

"Would you wiſh then, Madam," replied he, with a look of irreſiſtible perſuaſion, "to have an unfortunate young man loſe his liberty? humanity forbids it! humanity, that godlike principle, ever inſeparable from the female boſom, will not ſuffer it. Say, ſhall I be ſafe here this night, and I aſk no more. If you refuſe this requeſt, you will drive me to a dreadful extreme"——Here he drew his ſword, and preſenting the point to his breaſt, vowed he would put an end to

his exiſtence, if ſhe inſiſted on his leaving the houſe.

The beauty of his perſon, the elegance of his dreſs, the force of his looks and actions, the perſuaſive manner of his expreſſion, and his declaration that he would deſtroy himſelf on her refuſal, altogether, ſoon ſoftened the lady's reſolution, and removed her fears; whereupon ſhe requeſted he would withdraw from her bedchamber to an adjoining room, while ſhe conſidered more deliberately on the matter. He bowed and retired.

During the converſation he had with the lady, the maid had alarmed the neighbourhood, and collected a conſiderable number of thoſe guardians of the night to be found in every pariſh throughout the metropolis; that is to ſay, drunken conſtables and ſuperannuated

nuated watchmen.—As they entered the paſſage they called out, (ſome with hiccuping accents, and others with feeble voices) " Where is he, where is he?" This inebrious outcry alarmed Frederic and the lady, and each thought the bailiffs had got into the houſe. Their fears, were ſoon relieved on that head by the maid, who kept calling out to her miſtreſs, that ſhe had brought the watch to her aſſiſtance, who would ſpeedily apprehend the villain. On hearing this, the lady, who by that time had dreſſed herſelf, went to the top of the ſtairs and aſſured the watch, her maid was miſtaken, there being no villain in the houſe, that ſhe knew of.

This anſwer was by no means ſatisfactory to the mercenary groupe collected in the paſſage: they all declared they ſaw a man force his way in, and

were ready to ſwear it; though, by the bye, not one of them were in ſight when he entered.

The lady deſired they would quit the houſe, which ſome of them refuſed to do without a reward, inſolently declaring, if ſhe did not make them drink, the houſe might be robbed and the family murdered another time for any thing they ſhould care; to which ſome of them added, that perhaps the lady liked the fellow too well to part with him till the morning, and many other indelicate things, highly improper to be related. This behaviour terrified the lady, and Frederic was afraid to come forward, leſt it ſhould have led to his diſcovery; ſo that the lady found herſelf under the neceſſity of giving ſome money to theſe ſupporters of peace and good order, to prevent a riot, on the receipt of which, they

they all adjourned to a neighbouring alehouſe.

Matters being thus adjuſted, the lady went into the dining room where Frederic was ſitting, and informed him ſhe had reſolved to comply with his requeſt. He bowed, and expreſſed his gratitude in the moſt polite and grateful terms.—The lady told him, ſhe concluded ſhe had to deal with a gentleman, and that the ſtory he had related was literally true.—On this, he aſſured her his ſituation was really what he had repreſented; whereupon ſhe ſaid, ſhe had given orders for a room to be prepared for him, and that a ſervant would conduct him to it when ready; after which ſhe took leave, and retired to her own chamber.

CHAP. XVIII.

FULL AS ENTERTAINING AS THE AUTHOR COULD MAKE IT.

IT is more than a thouſand to one, the greateſt part of my female readers will condemn the conduct of the lady in complying with Mr. Montague's requeſt. And I am inclined to believe, moſt of the puritanic virgins of three-ſcore throughout England, will cenſure her as *a naughty woman*, and pronounce her *no better than ſhe ſhould be*. Another ſet of invidious and ſatirical mortals, who judge of the conduct of others by their own ſtandard, will be of opinion, the lady did

did not act, as she did, from a benevolent principle, but from motives of private gratification; and hence will illiberally conclude, though a separate bed was prepared for our hero, he partook of part of the lady's.

It is strange, but not more strange than true, that the fair sex are more guilty of censuring one another than is observed among men. This ungenerous frailty is founded on a principle extremely odious and reprehensible; and it would admit of a disquisition not much to the credit of the sex, which we decline, from our great partiality to them.

Historians are bound by every honourable obligation to relate the plain matter of fact, and therefore we most positively assert, that Frederic's request was granted solely from motives

of

of compaſſion and humanity; and the Reader may reſt aſſured, the lady and he ſlept that whole night in ſeparate apartments.

This point being ſettled, as it is hoped, to the ſatisfaction of thoſe whom it may concern, we ſhall proceed with other matters of greater importance.

Frederic waited for the lady's riſing in the morning, in order to thank her for her kindneſs. When ſhe aroſe and met him in the parlour, ſhe politely invited him to ſtay to breakfaſt, which invitation he readily accepted.—During the time of this repaſt, ſhe diſtantly enquired what his name and ſituation in life was? He told her his real name, and informed her he was the ſon of a gentleman of conſiderable fortune in the north of England; but in order

to

to conceal his diſtreſſes, and the true cauſe of his being arreſted, he acquainted her he had embarraſſed himſelf for a ſhort time, by having been bound for a friend for a ſum of money, who had moſt ungenerouſly left the kingdom juſt before the payment of it became due. To this, with an air of conſequence, he added, he ſhould not have ſuffered ſo diſgraceful a circumſtance as an arreſt to have happened, but from a diſappointment in a tranſmittance of money he was to have had from his agent in the country, which diſappointment would greatly embarraſs him, as he ſhould be under the neceſſity of concealing himſelf till the affair could be ſettled.

Mrs. Clifton (for that was the lady's name) gave credit to this artfully fabricated ſtory, and pitying his preſent ſituation, generouſly told him, notwith-

withſtanding ſhe was a ſingle woman, and conſequently wiſhed, on every occaſion, to avoid giving cauſe for the world's cenſure, one of the greateſt felicities of her life was that of rendering herſelf ſerviceable to others; and, therefore, his difficulty led her to make him an offer of her houſe as his aſylum, till he could accommodate the matter without inconvenience to himſelf.

Our hero was not wanting in polite acknowledgements of the generous offer; but though preſſed as he was by the deſperate ſituation of his affairs, he in very artful terms ventured to decline it, in order to render it impoſſible for the lady not to be more importunate for his compliance. When he ſaw that the bait had taken, he did not venture to loſe the golden opportunity, by trifling with it, but accepted the

the offer in a ſeemingly reluctant manner.

The lady was highly pleaſed with his acquieſcence, and politely promiſed to render the ſituation as agreeable as ſhe poſſibly could.

It may be neceſſary to inform the Reader, that from the moment Mrs. Clifton conſented to let him ſtay the firſt night, he concluded, from not ſeeing any gentleman in the houſe, that ſhe was a ſingle lady. Full of this idea, he determined to try the force of his powers with her, if a favourable opportunity ſhould offer; but the moment his ſtay was ſettled the next morning, he conſidered the buſineſs in a fair way toward completion, and, like a courageous general, reſolved to puſh boldly on till he obtained a conqueſt.

As

As an auxiliary in this buſineſs, he went to his lodgings in the evening, and removed his wardrobe of cloaths to Mrs. Clifton's, for he had not yet begun to part with them. He well knew the advantage and importance of dreſs, and as what he had were elegant and ſplendid, he reſolved to diſplay them as no inconſiderable part of his artillery, though his perſon, which we have heretofore deſcribed, did not want the embelliſhments of dreſs, to render him a ſtriking object to the fair ſex.

Mrs. Clifton was in the twenty-fifth year of her age, and had been a widow about two years, when young Montague became acquainted with her. She was what we generally term a fine woman; but the gentleneſs of her manners and the ſenſibilities of her heart, deſerved much higher praiſe than

than the beauties of her perſon.—She married at the age of ſixteen, in obedience to her, father, and was wedded to age and infirmity.—It was a match for intereſt, and the influence of parental authority obliged her to beſtow her hand without her heart; notwithſtanding which, her conduct to Mr. Clifton was truly amiable, and he was ſo ſenſible of it, that at his death, having no iſſue, he left her in the full poſſeſſion of his opulent fortune.

Our hero ſoon became acquainted with theſe particulars, and they ſtimulated his courage, aſſiduity and impatience.—He was maſter of the arts of addreſs, inſinuation and complacency, and could accommodate his manners and conduct to any circumſtance or ſituation, when his intereſt or paſſions were to be gratified. To which we may

may add, that he was pleaſingly and powerfully eloquent, when he ſpoke on any ſubject, and he had a moſt ſingular influence in affecting the delicate and ſublime paſſions.

Poſſeſſed of ſuch qualifications and influence, in conjunction with youth and beauty, what female, unacquainted with his profligacy, could reſiſt his ſolicitations?——Let not our Readers wonder then, when we inform them, that he ſoon gained an intereſt in Mrs. Clifton's affections. Her innocence and integrity were too genuine to encourage ſuſpicion; ſhe was a ſtranger to the arts of deceit herſelf, and hence did not ſuſpect it in others. She virtuouſly took it for granted, Frederic was in reality what he repreſented; and it was impoſſible for her not to admire ſo high finiſhed a picture, when con-

contraſted with that of her deceaſed huſband, to whom ſhe had been united before the paſſion of love was known to her.

Frederic watched her with unremitting attention, and as he diſcovered her growing ſenſibilities, he employed every effort to encourage and heighten them to maturity. Her perſon and fortune were powerful attractions to a man of his deſires and diſtreſſes; yet he conſidered matrimony as a yoke of bondage, and it would better have ſuited his diſpoſition, if he could have carried his point without it, but he was afraid to hazard ſuch an attempt.—Certain it is, the graces and dignity of unſullied virtue, frequently reſtrain the lawleſs wiſhes of vicious inclination. They did ſo in the preſent caſe, and led this daring

debauchee to " aſſume a virtue though he had it not."—He made a propoſal of marriage, which was accepted, and in a ſhort time carried into execution.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

IN WHICH
MR. CECIL AND HIS PARTY SET OUT
ON THEIR
JOURNEY TO LONDON.

MISS CECIL delayed the journey more than ſix weeks, by her ridiculous enquiries reſpecting good and bad days, ſo credulouſly and ſuperſtitiouſly was ſhe attached to the idle predictions of aſtrology and almanac-makers.

It is greatly to be lamented, that in this enlightened age, the ignorant ſuggeſtions of illiterate dreamers ſhould gain credit.——A *ſeaſonable* almanac

meets with adoration from the weak minds of the vulgar, while the Great Author of the Univerſe, who made the day and rules the night, is ſeldom thought of, unleſs the revolving ſeaſons correſpond with the calendar, which is the god of their idolatry; but ſurely the groundleſs and profane pretenſions of aſtrology, to foretel future events from the aſpects, poſitions, and influences of the heavenly bodies, are a diſgrace to learning and an affront to common ſenſe. But to proceed.

After Miſs Cecil had perplexed herſelf with aſtrological enquiries, and kept the reſt of the party in ſuſpence, as has juſt been hinted, ſhe fixed on a day to ſet out, which, ſhe obſerved, was of all days in the year the moſt favourable to travelling expeditions, Luna not being in the wane, nor any of

of the planets in conjunction.—Mr. Cecil and the Vicar laughed privately at her obſervations, and conſidered them as the conſequence of a ridiculous infatuation, out of which ſhe was not to be reaſoned, and as ſhe was a good woman in every other reſpect, they reſolved never to diſpute the point with her.

On the day fixed they all ſet out in Mr. Cecil's coach, and travelled three days without meeting with any thing worthy to be recorded; but on the fourth, between Leiceſter and Market-Harborough, a hare, purſued by hounds and huntſmen, paſſed before the coach juſt as it was croſſing a rivulet, whereupon Miſs Cecil ſcreamed out, and ordered the coachman to ſtop inſtantly, and not to ſtir one inch till ſhe got out of the carriage.

Her brother obſerved, that if ſhe got out in the ſituation the coach then was, ſhe would have to wade through the water, which he conſidered impracticable. To this ſhe anſwered, that unleſs ſhe did ſo the ſpell could not be broken, and if it was not, ſhe knew, though *they* did not, ſome dreadful event would happen; but whatever the croſſing of the hare portended, would be prevented by her getting out of the coach while it ſtood in the water.

Mr. Cecil ridiculed her folly in ſevere terms, and oppoſed her getting out with greater warmth of temper than he had ever ſhewn before on any occaſion. The Vicar endeavoured to diſſuade, and the young ladies interpoſed, from an apprehenſion of their aunt's danger, but all was to no purpoſe, for ſhe inſiſted on getting out.

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The coachman knew he did not dare venture to move, and the reſt were alarmed at her poſitiveneſs. However, juſt as ſhe was preparing to get out, a countryman paſſed by, and perceiving what ſhe was about to do, he offered to walk through the water to the coach door and carry her out. This was readily accepted of, whereupon he took her in his arms and was preparing to ſet her on dry ground, when, O grief of griefs! his foot ſlipping, he fell with her in the middle of the ſtream, which being rapid, would have carried her down to a neighbouring mill, had not the coachman fled to her aſſiſtance. There being no houſe near, ſhe was put into the coach in her wet cloaths and conveyed to Harborough, half dead with the fright, and the effects of the water.

However ridiculous this incident may appear in the opinion of the Reader, it is founded on an abſolute fact; and we have further to remark, that this diſaſter perfectly baniſhed every infatuation from Miſs Cecil's mind, reſpecting aſtrology and divination, portentous ſigns, the exiſtence of ghoſts, hobgoblins and witches. She perceived ſhe had made herſelf the ſubject of juſt ridicule by this laſt piece of conduct, and ſhe now reſolved, that the whole groupe of idle phantoms with which her imagination had been ſo long diſturbed, ſhould be drowned in the ſtream from whence ſhe had ſo fortunately eſcaped. And it luckily happened ſhe felt no ill effects from the accident, but was enabled to purſue the journey the next day.

From this time there was a viſible change in her manners and temper. Her

Her habitual gloomy countenance was diſpelled, and ſucceeded by chearfulneſs and merriment. She prevented the ridicule and ſatire of her brother, by laughing heartily at her own folly, and exploding her late opinions with infinite humour.—Mr. Cecil and the Vicar rejoiced exceedingly at the ſudden and happy change, and paid her high congratulations upon it.

They left Harborough the next morning after the diſaſter, and proceeded to Northampton, where, perceiving there was a company of players, who had advertiſed the tragedy of Alexander the Great for that evening, Mr. Cecil propoſed to make a ſtop, and partake of the amuſements of the theatre. This was agreed to by all parties, eſpecially as the landlord at the Peacock aſſured them, the company were an excellent ſet for tragedy, comedy,

comedy, opera, farce, or what not; and that the folks ſaid, *as how* they were fit to play before the *Lord Mayor of London*, and the *reſt* of the royal family. To which he added, that both his oſtlers, the cook, and the two chambermaids, were all to be dreſſed out to walk in the grand *progreſſion* of *Mr. Alexander's entry into Babylon.*— Mr. Cecil ſmiled at the good man's miſtakes, which led him to ſuppoſe the truth of what he ſaid was doubted; whereupon he told the company, he and his family often gave their aſſiſtance, his ſon having frequently performed the part of a page, and that himſelf had *enacted* one of the witches in Macbeth.

The theatre was crowded early in the evening with a very reſpectable audience. Conſidering the ſhifts to which ſtrolling companies are uſually reduced

reduced to fill up the parts of plays, the tragedy of Alexander was reſpectably performed, and met with no interruption through the whole, except from two circumſtances.—One of theſe was a moſt vociferous exclamation and execration againſt Alexander, from a butcher's wife in the gallery, for his barbarous murder of old honeſt Clytus. The good woman's indignation and wrath was highly raiſed at what ſhe conſidered as reality, and ſhe told Alexander, ſhe hoped the *Mayor* of the town would commit him to take his trial at the next aſſize.

The other circumſtance was the fainting away of Mrs. Temple and Sophia, who beheld, in the perſons of Roxana and Statira, their run-away ſiſters, Emily and Harriet.—— Neither Mr. Cecil, his ſiſter, or the Vicar, had made the diſcovery at the time

time the ladies fainted away, and therefore they were greatly alarmed. The part of the houſe where they ſat was thrown into great confuſion, and the performance was ſtopt for a ſhort time; however, the kind aſſiſtance of ſome ladies who ſat near them, ſoon brought about a recovery, when Mr. Cecil adviſed their ſtaying the remainder of the play, leſt their withdrawing ſhould lead to a diſcovery of the cauſe of what had happened, which he conſidered as a family diſgrace; whereupon Mrs. Temple and Sophia became compoſed, and the play went on.

CHAP. XX.

FULL OF AFFLICTION.

WHEN our travellers returned from the play, the converſation turned on what had happened reſpecting the diſcovery of the unhappy ſituation of Emily and Harriet.

Mr. Cecil obſerved, that though they had brought ruin upon themſelves by their folly and diſobedience, it was his wiſh to give them ſome relief, if it could be done without having intercourſe with their huſbands, for that he ſtrongly proteſted againſt.—It was accordingly agreed to ſend for the ladies for

this purpoſe, eſpecially as it would give them an opportunity of enquiring into the behaviour of their huſbands to them.

A more affecting and diſtreſsful ſcene was never beheld, than the meeting of theſe unhappy women with their friends; and as it may be much eaſier imagined than deſcribed, we ſhall not attempt it.

Their contrition was ſingular, and expreſſed with ſuch heart-felt anguiſh, that their imprudence ſhrunk into nothing, when compared with their miſery; and the juſt anger and reſentment of their friends were baniſhed by the tender and benevolent emotions of pity.

Mr. Cecil was fully informed of the profligate character of the men they had

had married, by the maſter of the company they left when they eloped with his nieces, as has been before hinted; and on enquiry reſpecting their conduct ſince their marriage, he was given to underſtand, that on the receipt of his anſwers to their letters from Scotland, wherein they found their expectations diſappointed reſpecting the fortunes, they had treated them with ſingular indifference and neglect, and obliged them to attempt the ſtage for their own ſupport. That they were loſt to every conſideration but the indulgence of their own pleaſures and vices, which they purſued without ceaſing, whenever the company's ſucceſs enabled them ſo to do. That the whole company conſiſted of a ſet of debauched and abandoned men and women, deſtitute of every virtue, and only linked together for the purpoſes of ſenſual indulgencies and general

proſtitution. That a more diſtreſsful profeſſion could not be imagined than that of a ſtrolling player, even where œconomy and prudence was obſerved, but that was rarely the caſe with perſons embarked in that track of life.—Emily and Harriet further added, that their huſbands had made away with all their money, jewels, and valuable cloaths, and had almoſt reduced them to nakedneſs and want, in the ſhort time they had been married.

Mr. Cecil and the reſt of the family wept at the relation of this ſad ſtory, after which their uncle addreſſed himſelf to theſe unfortunate young women in the following words:

"O unhappy nieces! to what a wretched ſituation have you brought yourſelves by your imprudence! I ſhudder at the conſequences which muſt

muſt follow!—You had the beſt of parents, and the example of their amiable conduct ought to have taught you better.—You were fixed in a happy ſituation at your father's death, free from any reſtraint whatever; yet you have acted as if reſtraint had been impoſed upon you.—You have irrecoverably united yourſelves with men of diſſolute principles, and they have you in their power beyond the reach of my friendſhip. However you have been attached to them, it is evident, from your own account, they are not attached to you.—Habitual vice very ſeldom admits of reformation.—There is little to hope, but every thing to fear.—By your precipitate marriage, you can only claim the intereſt of your fortunes when you come of age, but even that will be too much to be ſquandered away in diſſolute profligacy. Inevitable ruin ſurrounds you on every

ſide, and diſtreſs and beggary muſt cloſe the diſmal account.—I would reſtore you to reputation and happineſs if I could, but as I know of no legal method to accompliſh it, I muſt decline it, for I cannot purſue any meaſure which ſhall ſubject me to the power or revenge of your huſbands, from whom every thing is to be feared.—I will not even ſee them, becauſe I am perſuaded it will anſwer no good end towards you; for men of vicious minds, conſcious of the turpitude of their conduct, ſtifle the ſenſe of ſhame, and become proof againſt every juſt reproach and virtuous admonition.—Your preſent diſtreſſes ſhall be relieved, but it will be wiſdom in you to conceal from the knowledge of your huſbands the exact ſum you receive, that you may have it in your power to make a reſerve againſt ſome new and unforeſeen diſtreſs. Here are fifty

guineas

guineas for you, uſe them with diſcretion; and however ill your huſbands may treat you, take care never to revenge yourſelves upon yourſelves, by any imprudent action whatever. You have bound yourſelves to a yoke, and it will be the higheſt wiſdom to bear your burdens with fortitude.—Hope will influence your reſolutions and actions, and be ſome comfort to you whenever expectation meets with diſappointment. And, above all, if you place your truſt on the wiſdom and goodneſs of the Almighty, it will be a ſtrong ſecurity againſt the anguiſh of impatience."

After Mr. Cecil ceaſed ſpeaking, his ſiſter, Mrs. Temple and Sophia, withdrew with Emily and Harriet into another room, where they ſeverally made them preſents of cloaths and

money, after which they departed, full of gratitude and full of grief.

The next morning our travellers left Northampton, and proceeded on their journey to London, where they arrived on the evening of the ſecond day, without meeting with any occurrence worthy our notice.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

CONTAINING A CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF FREDERIC; REFLECTIONS ON GAMING; AND A LESSON FOR YOUTH.

IF the difficulties and diſtreſſes young Montague experienced from his extravagance and debauchery, to the time accident brought him acquainted with Mrs. Clifton, had no influence to awaken reflection and produce reformation, the Reader will undoubtedly conclude, that the acquiſition of ſo conſiderable a fortune as he gained by marriage, would not produce an

amendment of conduct.—An unexpected or ſudden change of fortune, frequently cauſes a change of manners and conduct; but it is very ſeldom that affluence improves the diſpoſitions of mankind. Adverſity often conveys the moſt ſalutary and uſeful inſtruction to the mind, and hence is inſtrumental in promoting our virtue and happineſs; but ſudden proſperity generally obſtructs the knowledge of ourſelves, and lays the foundation of various infelicities.

Frederic was a ſtranger to every laudable and virtuous inclination. The gratification of his own appetites and paſſions, left him deſtitute of a wiſh for the happineſs of others.—He ever entertained a fond opinion of his own importance; but ambition is a quality natural to youth, and when it is not directed to proper objects, and found-

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ed on virtuous principles, it betrays them into folly and miſtake.

The truth of this was ſtrictly verified by the whole tenor of young Montague's conduct.—He married Mrs. Clifton ſolely to get into the poſſeſſion of her fortune, and the moment that was accompliſhed, neither love, gratitude, or honour, held a ſeat in his breaſt.—If his judgment could have ſet bounds to his vanity and vices, he now might have been the happieſt of men, in the poſſeſſion of a beautiful and amiable woman, and an affluent fortune; but his diſſipated mind ſaw not the felicities of domeſtic happineſs. The modern round of diverſions and vices were regarded as the only important ends of life.—It is certain the fruition of all happineſs is dependant on our own ſenſations, but when the indulgence of ſenſual pleaſures is pur-

ſued beyond certain limits, it will be found inſufficient to produce laſting happineſs, becauſe the higheſt felicity we can enjoy in this life muſt be derived from ſelf-approbation, and the applauſes of conſcience; a felicity only known to thoſe who keep within thoſe limits which prudence, honour and virtue have preſcribed.

Frederic was intoxicated with the ſucceſs of his marriage. He flew to his former gay companions (though they had forſaken him in his adverſity) and joined with them again in the old rounds of diſſipation and debauchery. A promiſcuous and unbounded intercourſe with diſſolute women, and an unceaſing paſſion for gaming, ſoon led him to diſregard his virtuous wife, and every domeſtic felicity.—The charms of Mrs. Montague's perſon, her engaging addreſs, ſoftneſs of manners, and

and unremitting attention and attachment to him, together with the ſplendor of his houſe and equipage, and every accommodation which the love of eaſe and elegance could deſire, were all beheld with indifference, and given up for the company of abandoned women, and an aſſociation with a ſet of men, whoſe villainous principles and fraudulent practices, tend to the deſtruction of the peace, harmony and pleaſures of domeſtic life; a ſpecies of robbers, under the denomination of gameſters, aſſuming the character of men of honour, and enriching themſelves by the ruin of the credulous and the unwary.

O Gaming! thou unnatural and deſtructive monſter! the offspring of folly and pupil of fraud!—Thy machinations are infinitely more dreadful than the rage of tempeſts, or the cala-

calamities of war; for what miſchief haſt thou not committed?—Thou haſt brought opulence to poverty, and poverty to ſhame.—Thou haſt been the inſtigator of impious ſuicide, and deprived the widow and fatherleſs of comfort and protection!—Thou art the demon of deluſion; for thou flattereth the unfortunate with views of ſucceſs, and in the anxious moment of impatient hope, ſtampeth thy ſeal on everlaſting ruin!—But, monſter, know, though on this earthly ſcene thou and thy minions reign without controul, beyond this world there is an awful court, where juſtice will have rule o'er crimes like thine!——

Begging pardon of the Reader for this digreſſion, we ſhall proceed with the hiſtory.

Young

Young Montague's diſſipated and extravagant conduct ſoon obliged him to draw his property out of the public funds, and when that was exhauſted, he firſt mortgaged, and next ſold the eſtates he poſſeſſed by virtue of his marriage; and, laſt of all, he was obliged to reſign his noble houſe with all its valuable appurtenances, into the hands of ſharpers, to whom he madly ſacrificed them at the gaming-table.

He was now under the neceſſity of retiring with his amiable and diſconſolate wife, to a humble lodging, where they ſubſiſted for a time by raiſing money on their jewels and valuable wearing apparel, but when theſe were gone, he left Mrs. Montague to the mercy of the world, and from a fond opinion of his own importance, went in ſearch of new adventures.

It is devoutly to be wiſhed, that the conduct of this diſſolute character may be held in abhorrence and deteſtation by the youthful part of our Readers, at leaſt; and that they may learn from hence, how neceſſary it is to guard againſt the deluſive blandiſhments of lawleſs pleaſures.—Youth is the ſeaſon of diffidence and modeſty, of ambition and hope; and, therefore, it is difficult to avoid the dangers to which it is expoſed, from the follies, arts and vices of mankind. While our minds and ideas are uncorrupted, every thing around us appears pleaſing, and our knowledge of the world is inſufficient for making juſt diſcriminations. And as our natural deſires are more eaſily excited than the impetuoſity for gratification can be reſtrained, we are too eager in ſeizing the preſent moments, unſuſpicious of the miſchiefs attending incautious temerity; and thus we

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are frequently led into unpremeditated miſtake and error. And it may be further obſerved, that in the early ſeaſon of life, the conſciouſneſs of our own good intentions prevents our ſuſpecting the integrity of others, till we have purchaſed conviction by diſappointment and vexation; injuries by violence and circumvention, and ruin by falſehood and treachery.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

FULL OF DISASTROUS INCIDENTS.

WHEN Mrs. Temple ſaw her ſiſters at Northampton, ſhe gave them a direction where they might write to her in London, in conſequence of which, a few days after her arrival, ſhe received a letter from Emily, acquainting her, that her huſband had been taken up on the evidence of one of the actreſſes, ſhe having ſworn to his being the father of a child of which ſhe had been delivered; and that, on his inability to pay the ſum demanded by the pariſh officers, he was committed to priſon. To which we muſt further

further add, that her fondneſs and partiality to this profligate huſband, led her to ſolicit her uncle for money to ſettle the affair, his liberty or confinement being circumſtances on which, ſhe ſaid, the happineſs or miſery of her life depended.

When Mr. Cecil read the letter, he refuſed to comply with her requeſt, and poſitively forbid any of the family to do it. He obſerved, that there was no end of ſhewing favour to habitual profligacy. "If," ſaid he, "the difficulties into which a man brings himſelf by bad conduct, have no influence in producing amendment, every alleviation of his ſufferings through the benevolence or friendſhip of others, is an encouragement to guilt, and conſequently a check to reformation. I am ever ready," continued he, "to lend my aſſiſtance in relieving an accidental

cidental misfortune, though it may be the effect of ſome imprudence; but where men labour under embarraſſments, from a repetition of diſſolute proceedings, they ceaſe to be proper objects of compaſſion and humanity. I confeſs there is ſomething truly noble in Emily's attachment to her huſband, though his conduct does not merit it; but women have finer feelings and more exquiſite ſenſations, on theſe occaſions, than men, and this qualification conſtitutes one of their moſt amiable ornaments. The bad behaviour of a huſband may be thought a juſtifiable reaſon for inattention in a wife, but the general conduct of married women clearly evinces the contrary; and I can only account for the love of wives to bad huſbands by ſuppoſing, they muſt have a ſingular felicity in obliging them as the objects of their affection, and that the pleaſure they receive in doing

doing ſo overpowers every other conſideration. Nay, indeed, I muſt confeſs, from great obſervation, that women, almoſt generally, are ſuperior to men in every occurrence in life, and more particularly ſo where the generous and noble paſſions are concerned."

It was Mr. Cecil's hope, that the diſſolute conduct of the men Emily and Harriet had married, would in the end be the means of releaſing them from ſo unfortunate a connection, and ſo it happened in part; for not many days after the receipt of Emily's letter, Mrs. Temple received one from Harriet, in which ſhe informed her, that her huſband was in a much unhappier ſituation than her ſiſter's, having been taken up for a highway robbery, and on the party identifying his perſon, he was committed for trial at the next

aſſize. Harriet informed her ſiſter, ſhe had little hopes of his being acquitted, as it was known this was not his firſt offence, he having followed this practice for ſome time in the neighbourhood of Northampton, on thoſe nights the company did not perform.

Notwithſtanding the ſtrong prejudice Mr. Cecil had againſt the huſbands of Emily and Harriet, he ſhed tears when he read this fatal account, and moſt pathetically wiſhed mankind could be brought to ſee the virtue and neceſſity of doing right, in order to avoid that ſecret curſe, which, if not here, will hereafter attend doing that which is wrong.

It will be neceſſary to inform the Reader, that Harriet's huſband was found guilty on his trial, and received ſentence

ſentence of death; but on the interceſſion of Mr. Cecil with the Judge, and Secretary of State, the puniſhment was mitigated to tranſportation for life. This point being accompliſhed, Mr. Cecil wrote to Harriet, and ſent her a ſupply of money, with a ſtrict injunction for her to retire home, and keep herſelf as private as poſſible till his return from London; which injunction ſhe thought proper to obey, from a conſciouſneſs of her former imprudence, and the impreſſions on her mind from the conſequences which had attended it.

CHAP. XXIII.

CONTAINING A VARIETY OF MATTER.

MR. CECIL expreſſed great ſatisfaction of mind on having ſucceeded in ſaving the life of Harriet's huſband, and he now hoped ſhe had eſcaped from inevitable ruin.—His only concern now was for the fate of Emily, and this dwelt much upon his mind; but as he ſaw no probability of releaſing her from the power of her huſband, he reſolved to wait the event of chance, or circumſtance.

As ſoon as he had tranſacted the buſineſs which carried him to London, he

he propoſed continuing in town till he had ſhewn his ſiſter and nieces every thing worthy notice in the metropolis and its environs. This was highly agreeable to the Vicar, whoſe ſupreme felicity was to indulge his amiable wife in every innocent and pleaſurable gratification.

We cannot reſiſt the opportunity here given us, of digreſſing a while from the hiſtory to remark, that the popularity, appearance, pretenſions and buſtle of the inhabitants of the metropolis, with the variety of its buildings, ſhops, amuſements and accommodations, muſt afford infinite matter for obſervation and contemplation, to thoſe who have been bred in the confined and peaceful circles of a country life; for novelty is a never-failing ſource of gratification.

The motley groupes of characters to be met with in every ſtreet, muſt attract the notice of the perambulating ſtranger, who will conſider himſelf in the midſt of a general maſquerade, from the difficulty of diſcriminating the real characters by their dreſſes.—He will be liable to miſtake a lord for a lacquey, and a lacquey for a lord; and ſhould his good manners lead him to give the wall to a fine dreſt woman, on a ſuppoſition of her being a ducheſs, it is fifty to one but his civility is paid to a chambermaid.—If he attends to the converſation of thoſe that paſs him in the ſtreets, he will frequently hear the expreſſion of, "upon my honour," without ſuſpecting that the odds is greatly in favour of its coming from the mouth of a raſcal.

When he viſits that emporium of traffic, the city, where the produce of all

all parts of the world may be purchaſed, the importance of our commerce will excite his aſtoniſhment; yet how will he condemn our want of probity when he diſcovers, that the cravings of avarice and the arts of fraud, have invented methods for the adulteration of every genuine commodity?

If he contemplates the reſources of univerſal accommodation, he will be ſurpriſed at the repeated aſſurances of want.—The prints of the day abound with advertiſements of information where money may be borrowed; and the public at large are invited, at all parts of the town, to make their fortunes by lottery-adventures; yet our priſons will be found crowded with irredeemable debtors, and the ſtreets infeſted with ſupplicating beggary.

How will it aſtoniſh a ſtranger to meet with every ſpecies of ſickneſs and diſeaſe, after having ſurveyed our hoſpitals, and attended to the benevolent offers of advertiſing Medicaſters, who recommend their panaceas (according to their own accounts) more for the good of mankind, than from motives of ſelf-intereſt? And who will expect to behold the fair ſex deficient of Circaſſian beauty, while coſmetics and rouges are daily vended, which promiſe to be capable of doing more for nature than ſhe has done for herſelf? However, it is phyſically and fatally known, that by the uſe of theſe pernicious preparations, beauty has been deſtroyed, but was never improved.

Reſpecting our public buildings it may be obſerved, that the beautiful ſtructure of ſome of the churches, and the number of the whole, muſt give an

an obſerver a favourable idea of the piety of the inhabitants of the metropolis, but if they are entered into at the times appointed for public worſhip, the thinneſs of the congregations will be evident proofs of our diſregard for religion.

The magnificent palaces of the nobility indicate a taſte for the polite arts; yet how will a ſtranger wonder when he is informed, that the owners of moſt of them have little taſte for any thing but diſſipation and debauchery? And, ſurely, he will lament, that the opulent fortunes left for the ſupport of theſe manſions from generation to generation, are either ſquandered away in riot and intemperance, or loſt by fortuitous events at a gaming-table?

Should the environs of the metropolis attract the notice of a ſtranger, he

he will find they conſiſt principally of irregular rows of houſes, built with mouldering materials, in a deſpicable ſtyle of architecture, and moſtly inhabited by city mechanics and indigent placemen, who, apeing the manners of the great, call them their country villas.—This idea muſt ſtrongly excite the riſibility of every obſerver, for being within the ſight and ſmoke of the capital, the inhabitants can only be conſidered as having removed into another ſtreet.—Theſe *rus in urbes*, however, have been productive of two very particular conſequences, viz. promoting the ſale of bricks and mortar, and increaſing the liſts of bankruptcies.

Our public diverſions cannot fail of engaging the attention of thoſe who viſit the metropolis, on their emancipation from the invariable amuſements of a country life, not only for their import-

importance, but for their variety and ſingularity.

Of our theatres it may be obſerved, that though within a few years death has deprived us of ſome of the moſt judicious actors nature ever exhibited, the ſtage is not deſtitute of excellent performers; and the preſent managers diſplay an unremitting attention to gratify the wiſhes and expectations of the public.

The drama is a true picture of human life. Tragedy either repreſenting the various conflicts of kings and heroes with misfortunes, or the diſtreſsful ſituations of private characters, to raiſe the paſſions and purge the mind of them: while comedy recommends virtue, and expoſes and ridicules the follies and vices of the age, for the delight and improvement of man-

mankind.—How, then, muſt it ſhock an obſerver, that theſe important ends are frequently ſacrificed to that darling paſſion of the times, a love of unmeaning pageantry? And can there be a more incongruous tranſition, after the repreſentation of a good play, than to diſſipate the impreſſions it has made on the paſſions and affections of the mind, by deſcending to the low ſcenes of ribaldry and farce, or the ridiculous inconſiſtencies of pantomimes? But the managers know the falſe taſte of the public, and are under the neceſſity of indulging it.

The Opera-houſe in the Haymarket exhibits a ſpurious offspring of the drama, frequently abſurd in itſelf, and when not ſo, highly ridiculous to an Engliſh audience, becauſe the Italian language is known only to a few.—The dialogue part of theſe dramas is always

always inſufferably tedious, being ſet to muſic as well as the ſongs; and ſurely it muſt irritate the muſcles of the moſt rigid gravity, as has been pleaſantly remarked, to hear "conſultations and embaſſies, courtſhips and quarrels, menaces and meſſages, delivered in recitative."—The muſic of the ſongs often merits attention and applauſe, and likewiſe the exquiſite voices and maſterly performance of the ſingers; yet the pleaſure received by an auditor will be conſiderably abated, when he reflects on the enormous expence attending the importation of Italian fidlers, eunuchs and courtezans, for the purpoſe of carrying on this ſpecies of entertainment.

"Chas'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
To this vaſt city, as their native home."

The

The principal novelty of the performances at Sadler's Wells, are the feats of the rope-dancers and tumblers, and theſe are more wonderful than pleaſing; for the apprehenſions of the audience for the ſafety of the exhibitors, muſt overpower every ſatisfaction they can receive from what they behold.——They muſt have ſtrange minds who can think it any gratification to the ſenſes, to ſee men dance upon a rope or a wire, and perform uſeleſs feats of ſtrength and agility; or who can view without horror the moſt diſguſting diſtortions of the human frame.—To exerciſe ingenuity on whatever is incapable of affording rational pleaſure, or that is unimportant to the intereſts of mankind, ought to be conſidered as a reprehenſible miſapplication of time.

The

The feats of horſemanſhip exhibited at Aſtley's Amphitheatre, (leaving the other particulars unnoticed) are liable to equal cenſure with the rope-dancing and tricks at Sadler's Wells; for can there be a greater abſurdity, than to train horſes to tumble down and play all manner of vicious tricks, when the excellence of thoſe noble and uſeful animals, depends on their being ſure footed and tractable? And nothing can be more ridiculous and unintereſting, than to teach people to ride upon two and three horſes at once, when the dearneſs of provender, and the encreaſed number of turnpikes, make it very expenſive to ride upon one horſe.

The entertainments of the Royal Circus, in part, are liable to condemnation with what has juſt been mentioned, but ſome parts of the performances

formances at this place deſerve encouragement; for to the powers of inſtrumental and vocal muſic, happily conceived and admirably performed, are added many repreſentations, which diſplay a combination of labour, ingenuity and expence, calculated to merit public favour.

Ranelagh-Houſe muſt undoubtedly be ranked in the liſt of our public places of amuſement, but it would puzzle an obſerver to diſcover what the diverſion of this place really is; for except a concert of muſic, which, if it could be heard, is ſeldom attended to, the company, on thin nights, are periſhed with cold, and on full ones ſuffocated with heat, while they walk the rotunda, in imitation of the revolutions of a horſe in a mill, amidſt the perpetual and ſtupifying buzz of the general converſation; till, growing giddy

giddy with this round-about of buſineſs, they ſit down to regale themſelves with coffee and tea, in order to ſettle their heads, that they may be able to return home *compos mentis*.

And, laſt of all, though not leaſt in our eſteem, the beautiful public gardens at Vauxhall, merit the moſt ſingular attention.

"That famed paradiſe on Thames's bank,
Which, when the Fates decree, anticipates
The promis'd pleaſures of Elyſian fields,"

An exact deſcription of this enchanting ſpot, is a taſk too copious for admiſſion, on which account we ſhall only obſerve, that the beautiful rural walks, variety of paintings, ſplendid illumination, and grand concert of inſtrumental and vocal muſic, all combine to form one of the moſt innocent and pleaſing ſummer amuſements in the known world.

As an anecdote reſpecting ſculpture, we cannot omit mentioning in this place, that the inimitable figure of Handel, the celebrated muſician, to be ſeen in theſe gardens, is the work of that moſt ingenious French ſtatuary, Roubilliac, who was employed by the late Mr. Tyers, the original and memorable proprietor, to exhibit that exquiſite performance ſoon after his arrival in England. And it is not unworthy remark, that Mr. Handel's monument in Weſtminſter-Abbey was executed by the ſame artiſt, who died ſoon after he had finiſhed it.

We ſhall here put an end to theſe digreſſional remarks (which we hope will not prove unintereſting to the Reader) and proceed with the hiſtory.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

CONTAINING SOME INTERESTING PARTICULARS, RELATIVE TO THE HISTORY.

DURING the time Mr. Cecil was in London, as he was paſſing one evening through the Strand, he was accoſted by one of thoſe miſerable and forlorn females, commonly called women of the town. The terms of her ſolicitation, and her continuing to follow him, though deaf to her intreaties, induced him to turn round in order to reprove her conduct, when, to his great aſtoniſhment, he beheld in this ſhameleſs proſtitute the perſon

of Miſs Brumpton, whoſe elopement from Yorkſhire and connection with Frederic, were related in the firſt volume of this hiſtory.

This unfortunate young woman was thrown into the greateſt confuſion when Mr. Cecil ſpoke to her, and diſcovered that he knew her, for ſhe did not at firſt recollect him. The agony of her mind was ſo great on this interview, that ſhe would have fainted in the ſtreet, had not Mr. Cecil inſtantly handed her into a ſhop, and procured proper aſſiſtance.

As ſoon as her agitated ſpirits began to be compoſed, he took her to the houſe of a friend, whither he was going when he met with her, with an intention to relieve her diſtreſs, and to make ſome enquiry reſpecting his nephew,

nephew, which he ſuppoſed ſhe was capable of anſwering, and which he requeſted ſhe would do, without concealing any thing from him.

Miſs Brumpton told him, ſhe would relate all ſhe knew concerning young Montague with the ſtricteſt adherence to truth, notwithſtanding it would diſtreſs her to diſcover her own ſhameful hiſtory, which was ſo particularly connected with his, that it could not be properly ſeparated.

"You muſt know, then, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "that my ruin was accompliſhed long before the renewal of my infant acquaintance with Frederic Montague, on his firſt return from the univerſity. The inattention of my father to the care of his family, left me open to every indiſcretion and temptation, at a

very early age, for my mother died during my infancy.—Mr. Corbett, the curate of our our pariſh, a ſworn friend of my father's, in his looſe and unguarded moments, held an uncontrouled dominion over him and his family.—I have been told my perſon was attracting, and undoubtedly it was ſo to that monſter of ingratitude for all my father's favours.—O Sir, he taught me, by artful civilities and flattering profeſſions of eſteem, to encourage a too fond partiality for him, almoſt in my childhood; and as I grew up, he tempered my mind and inclinations to his own purpoſes.

"I was not miſtreſs of ſufficient caution to guard againſt the influence of my own feelings, or of his vicious deſigns. He took advantage of my innocence and inexperience, and compleated my ruin. I ſaw not the crime

of

of my tranſgreſſion in its proper colours, while my betrayer ſhewed a fond inclination for the repetition of our firſt horrid act; but when that cold indifference ſucceeded, which is natural to baſe and brutal minds, after the accompliſhment of female ſeduction, I beheld my deplorable ſituation with that ſorrow and compunction, which guilt like mine never fails to produce.

"I ſaw my error when it was too late. But I ſtill flattered myſelf with the hope that the profeſſions of my ſeducer were founded on ſincerity. Falſe, flattering hope! I found it a fatal miſtake.—I was in this ſituation, when Frederic Montague returned from Oxford.—Corbett brought him to our houſe, which was the means of renewing our former acquaintance. Our ages were favourable to the impreſſion of that paſſion which inſenſibly takes place between

the different ſexes, with an influence not eaſy to be reſiſted.—Frederic was now ſtruck with my perſon, and paid a moſt ſingular attention to whatever afforded me pleaſure, yet I did not entertain a thought of him, beyond what common civility prompted; but Corbett perceived his growing paſſion for me, and encouraged it. He conſidered this circumſtance as a favourable opportunity to get rid of me, by a transfer of me to Frederic. I was made acquainted with his deſign, and perſuaded to purſue it, which I did, being now fully ſatisfied the change could not render me more wretched than I was.

" You are, doubtleſs, no ſtranger to what paſſed between Frederic and his father, reſpecting the confeſſion of his love of me? He was directed to give me up, but Corbett found means, before

fore he ſet out for Oxford, to perſuade him to adopt a plan for our immediate marriage, notwithſtanding his father's advice to the contrary. This was to have been effected by my eloping to Oxford after him, in order to proceed to Scotland, where the union could be ſettled without interruption.—It was my hope that this ſcheme would preſerve me from ſhame and ruin, but the event proved otherwiſe; for as ſoon as I arrived at Oxford, I found, to my unſpeakable diſappointment and ſorrow, that I had reſigned myſelf into the power of a ſecond ſeducer.

" Frederic knew nothing of my fatal intimacy with Corbett, but the ready diſpoſition I had ſhewn to follow him, and the circumſtance of his having me at the college alone, inſtantly baniſhed his firſt honourable intention, and gave

gave riſe to deſigns leſs favourable to virtue and to me.—In ſhort, not then having a mind capable of making juſt diſtinctions, or that could penetrate into the fallacy of artful inſinuation and amorous addreſs, I, partly through fear, and partly through love, yielded to a ſecond undoing.——You know what happened at Oxford when I was diſcovered to be a woman, and of our flight from thence in conſequence of it, and therefore I need not mention theſe particulars.

" We fled to London as the beſt place for concealment, and lived together for a time as man and wife. I frequently ſolicited that it might be ſo in reality, but without ſucceſs; and I was obliged to continue in the commiſſion of that guilt, I now perfectly underſtood, and reflected on with horror.

" We

"We had not been long in London, before Corbett came to town, and met with us at one of the theatres. At this time Frederic's money was nearly exhauſted, and we had entertained thoughts of returning to our friends, not doubting, by penitence and an amendment of conduct, to obtain mercy and forgiveneſs; but when we acquainted Corbett with our intention, he ſtrongly adviſed us againſt it, and aſſured us, that our fathers would be deaf to any ſolicitation we could make for forgiveneſs.—Mr. Montague, he ſaid, had aſſured him, he would never more ſee his ſon, whatever application might be made to him, and therefore he perſuaded Frederic, in particular, not to think of returning home, but to purſue ſome ſcheme for the ſupport of himſelf and me, till his father's death might put him into the poſſeſſion of a good fortune."

The

The Reader muſt remember on what account Corbett went to London, and how anxious Frederic's father was to recover him from ruin; and alſo, that we hinted at Corbett's want of integrity in the execution of his commiſſion, which the particulars juſt related will ſufficiently explain.

Mr. Cecil told Miſs Brumpton every thing relative to Corbett's buſineſs in London, and appeared greatly ſhocked at his villainy, the more eſpecially as it had compleated the ruin of two indiſcreet young perſons, who might have been happily preſerved, had he acted as he ought to have done. However, he reſolved to puniſh his perfidy with every ſeverity it merited, as ſoon as he returned into the country.

" The account Corbett gave of the unfavourable diſpoſition of our parents

rents towards us," continued Miſs Brumpton, "terrified us both into a reſolution to give up all thoughts of returning. Corbett ſoon took leave of us after this, and we continued to live together very uncomfortably, for Frederic ſoon began to ſlight a conqueſt he had ſo eaſily obtained; and though I aſſiduouſly endeavoured to ſecure his affection by every act of endearment and complacency, I ſoon found I had no influence with him. New allurements were daily engaging his attention and alienating his affection from me, till at laſt he cruelly ſeparated, and left me to ſink or ſwim, as chance or fortune ſhould direct.

He kept the place of his retreat a ſecret from me, but if he had not, I was too much wounded in my mind, and exaſperated at his unkindneſs, to have troubled him. I was now thrown into

on the world, deſtitute of ſupport, and miſerable from the conſciouſneſs of my imprudence and guilt.—On the credit of my cloaths, of which I had but a ſmall ſtock, I procured a deſpicable loding, where I paſſed a few weeks in ſorrowful repentance.—I would have ſubmitted to a ſervice of drudgery, could I have found any one diſpoſed to recommend or take me; but, alas! my appearance and ſituation beſpoke what I was.

When my cloaths were all diſpoſed of, I obtained a little credit for my lodging and ſupport; but that was of a ſhort duration, for the humanity of my landlady ſoon abated, when ſhe ſaw no chance of being paid, in conſequence of which I was one evening turned into the ſtreet."

Here

Here Miſs Brumpton wept very much; and let not our male readers ridicule the incident, when we inform them, that Mr. Cecil wept alſo.

"The diſtreſs of my mind on the want of a home," continued Miſs Brumpton, "and the dreadful apprehenſions of what muſt ſhortly enſue, may probably be conceived, but cannot be deſcribed. I wandered I knew not whither, and moſt devoutly prayed that that night might put an end to my affliction.

"I had not gone far, however, before a well dreſt man ſtopped me, and in very laconic and familiar terms, ſolicited me to retire with him to an adjacent tavern. I found I was taken for what I was in reality little leſs, a proſtitute.—I was ſhocked at the idea, and would have left him if I could, but

but he perſiſted in his intreaty, and hurried me away to the place he had mentioned, without my having the power to reſiſt.

" As I was diveſted of that aſſumed gaiety common with proſtitutes, the gentleman very politely aſked me the reaſon of it. I burſt into tears, and begged he would permit me to retire. This awakened his curioſity, excited his compaſſion, and led him to aſſure me of protection. I fell at his feet, and thanked and bleſt him with heart-felt gratitude. He gently raiſed me up, and in the moſt kind manner bade me be comforted. I was ſo—for his words were cordial drops to my wounded ſoul. Whatever he had intended by ſtopping me in the ſtreet was done away by the poignancy of my diſtreſs. He offered to ſee me to my home, but, alas! I had none for him to take me to.

to. I told him ſo; whereupon he gave directions to the people of the houſe, that I ſhould ſleep there that night, and after promiſing to ſee me the next morning, went away, but not without aſſuring me, that whatever my wants or diſtreſſes might be, they ſhould ſpeedily be relieved.

"I retired to my chamber, and deriving comfort from hope, went to bed, and happily forgot all my cares and ſorrows, through the bleſſing of a moſt profound ſleep, from which I was awaked in the morning by my generous benefactor. After acquainting me with his arrival, he withdrew till I aroſe and dreſt myſelf, when he returned, and conducted me to a room where we breakfaſted. During this interview, he moſt humanely told me he would not enquire into the cauſe of

my ſorrow the laſt night, as he wiſhed to avoid putting me to the painful taſk of renewing diſtreſs, or of revealing what I might deſire to conceal. He confeſſed that my perſon had attracted his notice, and though at firſt his only intention was to paſs an idle hour with me, the impreſſion I had made on his mind ſince he left me, led him to wiſh for a longer and more intimate connection. He then propoſed to move me that day to a convenient lodging, where all my wants ſhould be ſupplied with a liberal hand, on condition I devoted myſelf to him only.—My neceſſities and my ſilence gave conſent; whereupon a coach was called, in which he conducted me to the place he had mentioned.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

IN WHICH MISS BRUMPTON CONCLUDES HER STORY.

"IF my prejudices againſt the male ſex had not been deep-rooted," continued Miſs Brumpton, "from the behaviour of Corbett and Frederic Montague, I could not have failed to have loved this gentleman with the higheſt affection and ſtricteſt ſincerity, for his kindneſs and generoſity; but their perfidy had ſteeled my heart againſt every favourable impreſſion reſpecting men in general.

I conſidered myſelf ſacrificed to proſtitution, which, though I was led into it by neceſſity, my ſoul abhorred.

" I was now what the world calls a kept-miſtreſs, and obliged to ſubmit to a lawleſs and loathed intimacy with a ſtranger; a ſituation truly horrible to a feeling mind. I felt the force of conſcious guilt, whenever the abſence of my new maſter gave me an opportunity of indulging reflection; and I ſaw the lovelineſs of that unſullied virtue I had forſaken for the indulgence of lawleſs pleaſure.

" The gentleman I had now engaged with was a merchant in the city, and as I often diſcourſed with him on the wretchedneſs of my mind for the track of life my neceſſities had thrown me

me into, he uſed every endeavour to reconcile me to it, by acts of kindneſs and generoſity; but, great as they were, I found them inſufficient to lull the reproaches of ſelf-condemnation, and I reſolved to huſband his bounty with the ſtricteſt care, though the wages of iniquity, under the hope of having it in my power, by this means, of providing for myſelf in a more laudable and virtuous ſituation; but this hope, alas! ſoon ceaſed, for my benefactor becoming a bankrupt, I was again involved in diſtreſs.

" As I had never known the exact ſituation of this gentleman, it was out of my power to make any application whatever to him; for my knowledge of his bankruptcy was in conſequence of a letter he had wrote to me, wherein he lamented that it was no longer in

his power to give me any ſupport.—I was inclined to think the reaſon he gave for withdrawing himſelf from me was a true one, becauſe he was no ſtranger to generoſity and humanity; and hence I could not prevail with my mind to give him wholly up.—I flattered myſelf with the hope that his affairs might be better than he imagined, and that he would return again to ſave me from ruin.—Encouraged by this flattering hope, I remained at the apartment he had taken for me, till I had expended all my little hoard, and diſpoſed of the beſt of my cloaths.—Theſe circumſtances were ſoon known to the miſtreſs of the houſe, and I was ordered in the moſt peremptory manner to quit my lodging in a few days. I now conſidered myſelf once more the ſport of fortune and the child of want.

"As

"As I was one day ruminating on what my miſery muſt ſoon be, it occurred to me, that I might probably get ſome intelligence of my loſt friend, by making enquiry after him at the houſe he firſt took me to. I went there for that purpoſe, but could not diſcover any thing relative to him, more than I knew before.—The miſtreſs of this houſe recollected my having been there with him, and after ſurveying me from head to foot, ſhe ſaid, "I am afraid, my dear, your friend's misfortune has involved you in ſome difficulty or diſtreſs, but if that is the caſe, be comforted, I will take you into my houſe and protect you, till you may be able to do for yourſelf; and if ever the gentleman's affairs come about, I am perſuaded he will be your friend again."—

"I was raiſed, as it were, from the grave, and I thanked her for her great goodneſs with joy and gratitude. She made light of what I conſidered the height of humanity, and went with me herſelf to diſcharge my lodging and bring away my cloaths.—I gave thanks to the Almighty for this ſecond delivery from want, and reſolved to make all poſſible atonement for my paſt offences, by treading in the paths of virtue the remainder of my life.

"I was kindly treated in my new ſituation for a ſhort time, but my benefactreſs told me one day, "I muſt not think to live a life of idleneſs, for ſhe could not afford to keep more cats than catched mice. That I was young and handſome, and might make my fortune, if I minded how I behaved. That, as I had loſt one friend, there were

were more to be had; and as men were all alike, one was as good as another;" concluding all with acquainting me, "ſhe had promiſed to introduce me to a young gentleman from the city, that evening, who would be very kind to me, if I behaved as I ought, and who was a much finer fellow than my laſt friend."

"I ſaw with ſurpriſe and horror what all this pointed at, and reſolved not to ſubmit to it. I therefore made for anſwer, that it was not my wiſh to live a life of idleneſs, or to treſpaſs longer on her kindneſs, than till I could provide ſome reputable employ for myſelf, and as ſoon as I could accompliſh it, I would moſt readily ſatisfy her for the expence ſhe had been at on my account."—On this I went up ſtairs, packed up what cloaths I had

had, and was preparing to quit the houſe in ſearch of ſome humble lodging, where I might remain till fortune ſhould diſpoſe of me better.

" When I came down ſtairs, and was about to take my leave, a bill was preſented to me for my board and lodging, accompanied with a threat of being inſtantly ſent to priſon, if it was not diſcharged.—I offered part of my cloaths, as the only compenſation I could then make, but was told the whole was inſufficient to anſwer the demand.—I ſaw with horror what my ſituation muſt now be, for I knew, if I had forcibly left the houſe, I could not many days eſcape being ſent to a priſon.——Thus dreadfully circumſtanced, I was irreſiſtibly forced into public proſtitution.

" Soon

" Soon after this, I heard of Mr. Montague's death, and that Frederic was living in affluence, having ſold the fortune his father had left him.—On the knowledge of this, I wrote a letter to him, in which I diſcloſed the miſery of my ſituation, and in the moſt humble terms implored his aſſiſtance, to extricate me out of it.—He anſwered my letters, but deſired I would not trouble him with my affairs, as he had matters of greater importance to attend to.—In a poſtſcript, he informed me, the ſervant who was the meſſenger, had his directions to give me one guinea, and that it was all I muſt ever expect from him.—I was then pennyleſs, yet pride, or indignation, forbade me to accept of it.—This cruel indifference and want of feeling for my calamitous ſituation, wounded me to the ſoul. I became inconſolable, and am afraid

afraid I ſhould have committed ſome raſh action, had not my companions and ſiſters in iniquity, belonging to the houſe, kindly interpoſed, and from a true ſenſe of their own misfortunes, endeavoured all in their power to alleviate mine.

" I now found myſelf controulable to the will of a tyrannical and lawleſs miſtreſs, and the vigilance of her dependant favourites and deſperadoes; or, in other words, the ſlave of a bawd and her bullies, who lived in eaſe and luxury, by extorting from the wages of proſtitution.—A more deplorable ſituation than that of a common proſtitute cannot be imagined; for what can be more dreadful, even to ſhameleſs degeneracy, than to be the drudge of accidental lewdneſs!

" This,

"This, Sir, is my preſent ſituation, as you muſt ſuppoſe, from which I have no chance of relief, till death ſhall kindly ſet his ſeal on all my miſeries. I am well perſuaded," continued ſhe, "if the diſtreſſes of ſuch unfortunate young women as myſelf were more particularly known than they are, and the original cauſes of them ſtrictly examined into, the rigour of virtuous indignation, and the abhorrence of an unforgiving world, would be melted into generous commiſeration; for the conſequence would ſeldom meet with condemnation, if the cauſe was known. The aſſumed gaiety of women of the town, makes it generally ſuppoſed that they continue in wickedneſs from inclination, but there are very few, I believe, who follow that dreadful courſe of life without ſhame, reluctancy and horror, or that would not voluntarily

tarily quit it, if they knew where to fly for refuge."

When Miſs Brumpton had finiſhed her hiſtory, ſhe received the thanks of Mr. Cecil, for the candid and ſenſible manner in which ſhe had delivered it, and likewiſe for the remarks ſhe had made in the courſe of the narrative. "I feel for you to my ſoul," ſaid that good man to her, "becauſe it is evident, you have ſuffered ſhame and ruin through the inſinuations and deluſions of premeditated villainy.—— Your diſtreſſes have led you to make juſt diſtinctions, and the ſentiments of your mind would do honour to uncontaminated virtue. You have not merited what you have ſuffered, becauſe you have been conſtrained into error by the influence of others, and not from inclination.—Be comforted; I will

will reſcue you from your preſent ſituation. They who wiſh to be virtuous, deſerve the means of being ſo. You ſhall not return, even this night, to the habitation of vice, for I have ſufficient influence in this houſe to procure you a lodging, and to-morrow I will otherwiſe diſpoſe of you.

This unexpected generoſity of Mr. Cecil threw Miſs Brumpton into a flood of tears, and rendered her incapable of expreſſing her gratitude by words, for the feelings of her heart were ſo abundant as to ſuppreſs the power of ſpeech.

As ſoon as ſhe recovered, Mr. Cecil aſked her if ſhe knew what his nephew's ſituation then was?—This was a queſtion ſhe could not anſwer, but ſhe made him acquainted with the par-

particulars of his conduct, till the time he ſeparated from his wife, and after giving him a direction where Mrs. Montague was to be found, ſhe informed him ſhe had heard that good woman was living in the utmoſt diſtreſs. The night being far ſpent, Mr. Cecil procured Miſs Brumpton a lodging at his friend's houſe, after which he took his leave.

We ſhall conclude this chapter with a wiſh, that the hiſtory of Miſs Brumpton may be the means of convincing the younger part of our female Readers, how neceſſary it is to preſerve themſelves from irregularity, and to guard their inexperience againſt the deluſive arts of ſeduction.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

CONTAINING
AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

WHEN Mr. Cecil returned home and acquainted his ſiſter, Mr. Temple and his nieces, with the adventure of his meeting Miſs Brumpton, and the diſcovery he had made reſpecting Frederic, they expreſſed the higheſt aſtoniſhment, and all wept at the melancholy relation.

Mr. Cecil reſolved to provide for Miſs Brumpton, by placing her in ſome reputable ſituation, in caſe her

father ſhould refuſe to receive her again; for, he obſerved, ſhe merited every attention that humanity could ſhew her. "Female errors like her's," he ſaid, "are generally treated with that ſeverity, which is neither founded on humanity or wiſdom. For without the hope of forgiveneſs there is little encouragement to repentance, and without repentance there cannot be a change of life.—Who will be in love with vice, when they ſee it leads to diſgrace and ruin? And I ſincerely believe, there are but few ſo abandoned to vicious practices, as not to intend to review their conduct, and regulate their lives by the laws of virtue; but many, I fear, are often prevented from putting ſo laudable an intention in practice, by the precipitate condemnation of the world. The virtuous are too apt to value themſelves

ſelves for their innocence, and to enjoy the gratulations of their own hearts, without paying a proper attention to that great end of ſociety, mutual beneficence.—It would be a commendable abatement of our cenſure on the bad conduct of others, if we were frequently to examine our own conduct, to find whether, in ſome part of our lives, we have not been guilty of crimes equal with thoſe we condemn in others."

Mr. Temple approved of Mr. Cecil's ſentiments, and highly applauded his reſolution of reſcuing Miſs Brumpton from inevitable ruin. He generouſly offered to join with him in any expence which might attend the execution of this act of benevolence; and Miſs Cecil was ſo greatly affected with her brother's account of her ſufferings,

that ſhe deſired ſhe might be permitted to purchaſe what cloaths and neceſſaries might be wanted, at her own expence.

Mr. Cecil went the next morning to Miſs Brumpton, and found her full of reſpect and gratitude. He fixed her at his friend's houſe till he returned into Yorkſhire, being reſolved to convey her himſelf to her father, for his acceptance or rejection. He gave her money to ſupply all her wants, and then went in ſearch after Mrs. Montague, according to the direction ſhe gave him, with the hope of being able to gain intelligence of his nephew.

He met with no difficulty in finding the place of Mrs. Montague's reſidence, but he was greatly ſhocked on being conducted to a miſerable garret, deſtitute

deſtitute of furniture, where he found this unfortunate lady ſhivering with cold, and almoſt periſhing through hunger.—He had been acquainted with her amiable character and her once affluent ſituation, by Miſs Brumpton, therefore the Reader muſt ſuppoſe what his feelings were on the preſent occaſion.

He enquired after Mr. Montague, without diſcloſing who he was, and received for anſwer, that ſince the time he had quitted his home, on account of his inability to diſcharge ſome debts he had contracted, ſhe had not heard from him, but, ſhe ſaid, ſhe lived in hopes he would return ſoon, and be able to ſettle all his affairs.

Mr. Cecil told her he did not come there to make any demand as a cre-

ditor; but having the moſt friendly motives for wiſhing to know what his ſituation really was, he hoped ſhe would give him every information ſhe could. He hinted that he knew what her ſituation in life had been, and lamented to find it what it then was.—She modeſtly replied, that ſhe had ſeen better days, yet never touched upon her huſband's profligate conduct as the cauſe of her ſufferings.—Mr. Cecil was charmed with this mark of her generous behaviour, becauſe he knew Frederic had not merited it from her. He now told her who he was, and that he was no ſtranger to his nephew's abandoned conduct, or his ungenerous behaviour to her; and he aſſured her, that the ſenſe of her wrongs, and the knowledge of her diſtreſs, were the principal motives of his making her that viſit.—"It is the wiſh of my heart," ſaid

ſaid he, "*to wipe all tears from all faces*," but that is not in my power; however, as you deſerve a better fate, I am happy in having it in my power to beſtow it upon you; and that your mind may be inſtantly relieved from its preſent diſtreſs, reſt aſſured that I will do it.—The bad conduct of your huſband led his father to cut him off with a ſmall fortune, which has long ſince been ſpent; yet, if he had returned to virtue and to me, my fortune ſhould have ſupplied the loſs of what was withheld from him. He is, I fear, loſt in hopeleſs degeneracy, and therefore I have reſolved to beſtow on you a part of that I deſigned for him. You ſhall be happy if I can make you ſo. Here is money for your preſent wants, and I will introduce you to your huſband's family, now in town,

as ſoon as you can prepare yourſelf properly to viſit them.

Mrs. Montague was loſt in amazement when he ceaſed ſpeaking, and was preparing to make thoſe acknowledgments his noble generoſity demanded, but he begged ſhe would not diſtreſs him by ſaying any thing upon the ſubject, and declared he would not ſtay to hear it if ſhe did. She bowed in ſilent obedience to his requeſt, while her looks conveyed the feelings of her heart.

Mr. Cecil ſtaid ſome time and converſed with her, during which he diſcovered that ſhe poſſeſſed a ſound underſtanding, joined with a diſpoſition for univerſal goodneſs; and he lamented, that ſo amiable and exalted a character ſhould have fallen a prey to ingratitude

gratitude and brutality: but credulity is the common failing of the fair ſex, when love takes poſſeſſion of their hearts; for the unſuſpicious diſpoſition of virtuous women, diſpoſes them to believe all the profeſſions of thoſe who are the objects of their wiſhes; and hence it generally happens, that they who deſerve moſt to eſcape the arts of diſſimulation and treachery, ſuffer moſt from them. It may be further remarked, that women whoſe hearts are moſt ſuſceptible of the nicer feelings, ſhew the leaſt inclination to purſue the injuries they receive from men with ſevere or perpetual puniſhment.

Frederic's connection with his amiable wife was accompliſhed by artifice and falſehood, and therefore it was no wonder, that on her part, it ended in diſappointment; yet ſhe did not complain

plain of his folly and baſeneſs, but ſpoke of him in terms of affection and reſpect. This conduct attracted the notice and eſteem of Mr. Cecil, and intereſted his heart more deeply in her favour.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

IN WHICH MRS. MONTAGUE VISITS HER HUSBAND'S RELATIONS.

ON Mr. Cecil's return home, he gave ſo intereſting an account of Mrs. Montague, that the family were impatient to ſee her; this he promiſed they ſhould do in a few days.

During his abſence, Mr. Temple had received a letter from his curate, wherein he informed him, that Corbett had been taken up and tried for a rape, which having been attended with ſome

ſome aggravating circumſtances of cruelty, he was caſt for death, and had found means to deſtroy himſelf in the priſon, to avoid the execution of the ſentence paſſed upon him.

Mr. Cecil heard of this event without either ſurpriſe or concern. He obſerved, that it was ſeldom but a life of wickedneſs ended in a ſhameful or ignominious death; and with reſpect to the laſt act of this infamous character, he further remarked, that though a man muſt have courage to enter on the commiſſion of lawleſs crimes, the conſciouſneſs of guilt generally, in the end, converted that courage into cowardice; and hence it was, he ſaid, that villainy always trembled at the thought and approach of legal puniſhment, or death. "I have always conſidered ſuicide," ſaid he, "as a moſt unna-

unnatural propenſity, repugnant to reaſon, and every moral and religious obligation. There are very few men who can congratulate themſelves upon a life paſſed without the commiſſion of ſome crime that calls for repentance, and therefore he that commits an act of ſelf-murder is deprived of the important advantage of this neceſſary duty, and impiouſly ſets eternity at hazard."

As ſoon as Mrs. Montague had provided herſelf with proper cloaths and other neceſſaries for viſiting her relations, out of the money given to her by Mr. Cecil, that gentleman introduced her to them. This interview was truly affecting to all parties, but moſt to Mrs. Montague, for the ſight of her huſband's worthy relations naturally threw her thoughts back on him, whom ſhe ſtill held in tender remembrance.

brance. Mr. Cecil ſaw the anguiſh ſhe felt on this head, and as he was ſenſible of her unmerited ſufferings, he generouſly wiped away her tears, by further aſſurances of his intention to provide for her during the remainder of her life, in a manner equal with the ſituation and happineſs ſhe had known before her unfortunate connection with his nephew, declaring ſhe ſhould never feel the want of any thing he had the power to beſtow upon her.

Miſs Cecil, Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Sophia, ſaw the emotions this noble promiſe had created, whereupon they received and embraced her with that tenderneſs, complacency and unaſſumed politeneſs, peculiar to generous and good minds; and with a warmth of affection not frequently met with, congratulated her on the happy event

event of their being brought together. Without the parade of oſtentatious liberality; without extorting an explicit confeſſion of her late indigent ſituation (which is too generally expected from poor relations by rich ones) they uſed every endeavour to convince her of their inſenſibility of diſtinction in ſuch caſes.—To communicate happineſs is the great characteriſtic of virtuous and liberal minds, who ſeek for occaſions of contributing to the welfare and felicity of others.

Mrs. Montague ſaw the benevolent diſpoſition of this amiable family in all its luſtre, and in the politeſt and moſt grateful manner acknowledged their tender congratulations and liberality. She endeavoured to be chearful, and ſmiled with inexpreſſible complacency, as a ſign of her happineſs, becauſe

becauſe ſhe ſaw they wiſhed her to be happy; but at the ſame time, tears guſhed from her eyes, being melted by generous gratitude and elated with pleaſureable hope. However, the kind endeavours of the whole family to divert her mind, diſſipated the emotions of painful ſenſibility, and chearfulneſs took her turn to reign.

They were all charmed with her perſon, behaviour and converſation; and, indeed, there was ſomething in her manner which not only won their affection, but commanded their attention and reſpect. It is natural for the virtuous to admire and to love virtue, and it would be ſtrange if they did not cheriſh and protect it under affliction or diſtreſs.

Mr. Cecil, in the tendereſt manner, deſired Mrs. Montague would immediately

diately quit her place of reſidence and remain with the family while they ſtaid in town, and, on their return to the country, that ſhe would accompany them, and reſide with him, or her ſiſters, as might be moſt agreeable, to which requeſt ſhe readily conſented. This point being ſettled, Mr. Cecil reſolved to ſtay in town a ſhort time longer, in order to make all poſſible ſearch after his nephew, being anxious to ſave him from inevitable ruin, if it could be accompliſhed; but he kept his intention a profound ſecret from Mrs. Montague.

At this time Mrs. Temple received a letter from her ſiſter Harriet, in which, among other particulars, ſhe informed her of the ſudden death of Miſs Brumpton's father, who had died in ſuch indigent circumſtances, as to

have left no proviſion for his children.

When this event was made known to Mr. Cecil, he ſaid it was what he expected, his whole life having been one continued ſcene of drunkenneſs, riot, and debauchery. He obſerved, that the firſt ruin of his daughter originated from his inattention to the care of his family, and the ſnares his own bad conduct had laid for the deſtruction of his children. "I am too generous," ſaid he, "to impute the follies of the father to the daughter, for vices are ſeldom hereditary, but the conſequence of bad examples.—She has ſeen her error, and her heart is now ſet above indiſcretion. I will place her in ſome reputable ſituation, and ſhe ſhall not feel the want of a father; for I am well perſuaded, from

from what I have ſeen, her own ſenſibility will prevent her ever ſtraying again from the path of virtue. Aſſiſtance ought to be given to diſtreſs like her's, for it is the duty of every one to partake of the pains, as well as of the pleaſures of his fellow-creatures."

"Her father was a very bad man," ſaid Mr. Temple, "and his daughter's crimes reſt at his door; and I ſhall ever be of opinion with a very ſenſible writer, who remarks, that "*he who abandons his offspring, or corrupts them by his examples, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life.*"

Mr. Cecil went to Miſs Brumpton to acquaint her of her father's death, becauſe he knew ſhe could not hear

of it through any other channel. This melancholy event threw her into a flood of tears; ſhe looked back with anguiſh on her paſt conduct, and forward with diſtraction for want of a protector. Mr. Cecil endeavoured to mitigate her ſorrow, by generouſly telling her, that when he reſolved to reſcue her from ruin, he did not mean to abandon her to diſtreſs. The death of her father, he told her, ſhould make no alteration in his original intention; and that, if ſhe reſolved to live a life of virtue in future, he would take care there ſhould be no obſtacle to her doing ſo.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

CONTAINING A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF OUR HERO.

MR. CECIL proſecuted his deſign of endeavouring to find out his nephew with unremitting attention, and after many days ſpent in enquiries, he met with a man who had been a footman to him, from the time he married Mrs. Clifton till he was obliged to quit his houſe and retire to a lodging, as has been already mentioned. This perſon informed Mr. Cecil, that he had heard his maſter went into the army, after his ſepara-

tion from his wife, but in what capacity he had never learnt.

On this intelligence, Mr. Cecil examined the liſts of the army, but without ſucceſs, and hence he concluded he had changed his name. He made every poſſible enquiry, and deſcribed his perſon and late ſituation, but all to no effect. As theſe endeavours failed, he advertiſed him, and offered a conſiderable reward for intelligence of him, living or dead. This ſtep produced the deſired effect; for on the next day after the advertiſements appeared, a perſon came to him and informed him of Mr. Montague's ſituation.

It will here be neceſſary for us to acquaint the Reader, that when Frederic ſeparated from his wife, he had very little money and but few cloaths; and

and as his character and credit was ruined with all ranks of men to whom he was known, he ſoon became diſtreſſed in the higheſt degree. Want made him deſparate, and he fled to the highway, where he committed divers robberies, till juſtice overtook him, when he was tried and received ſentence of death. Some favourable circumſtances reſpecting his behaviour, however, appearing in the courſe of his trial, the jury recommended him to the king's mercy, in conſequence of which he was pardoned, on condition he enliſted into the army, in the capacity of a common ſoldier.

The dread of death rendered this offer acceptable to him on the firſt view, but he ſoon conſidered his ſituation ſervile and ignominious, as the degradation of his character, and the preclusion of

his vain hopes, and it was not long before he deſerted from his regiment. Mean ſouls never aſpire to greatneſs: or, in other words, when we are capable of committing baſe and diſhonourable actions, for the gratification of our ſelfiſh views, or the indulgence of lawleſs pleaſures and paſſions, our minds become alienated from every generous and noble undertaking.—Had not this abandoned youth been a coward in principle, he would have been inſpired with a generous reſolution to have ſerved his king and country, whom he had offended, and from whom he had received mercy. But vice had debilitated his genius, and hence his imagination became not fired by the exploits of heroes, and the victories gained by magnanimous preſumption, to obtain riches and honour by military merit and the fortune of war.

He

He was ſoon apprehended as a deſerter, brought back to the regiment, and ſeverely puniſhed. He deſerted a ſecond, and a third time; and the puniſhment inflicted for the laſt offence was ſo extremely ſevere, that the ſurgeon of the regiment, who attended him in the Savoy-barracks, declared the wounds he had received were mortal. This was his ſituation when Mr. Cecil received intelligence of him.

The moment he heard this dreadful account of his nephew, he went to the Savoy, and found him very near his end. When Mr. Cecil ſaw what muſt happen, thoſe tears burſt forth which the agitation of his mind had before reſtrained.—Frederic knew his uncle the moment he entered the room, but he was too far gone to be able to converſe with him; and this unexpected viſit

viſit brought all his follies and crimes the more ſtrongly to his recollection. His whole frame ſoon became convulſively agitated, and his countenance was beſet with the extreme of horror; for the idea of death was terrible to him, knowing that a life of unremitted wickedneſs here, had every thing to dread hereafter.—He raiſed his head for a moment, as the laſt ſtruggle with life, while he breathed the groan of expiration; and having lived without grace, he died without hope. An agonizing death like this may be conſidered as the utmoſt exacerbation of human miſery.—Mr. Cecil beheld the laſt conflict in an awful ſtillneſs of ſorrow, for the thoughts which entered his ſoul at that moment, were too ſeriouſly affecting to be expreſſed.—He ſtood motionleſs for a ſhort time—then wept—and then retired.—

Let

Let the guilty tremble at this picture of a wicked man, ſnatched away by death at an early age, with all his crimes about him, to that unknown region where repentance availeth not: and let them learn from hence, how neceſſary it is, never to delay the important work of repentance, and to have mortality always in view.—To do good and avoid evil are the grand principles of moral conduct; and though theſe may ſometimes deprive us of the benefits of convenience and the tranſitory joys of worldly pleaſures, yet they will be amply recompenſed in the end, by the heart-felt gratulations of irreproachable conſcience, and a dreadleſs apprehenſion of futurity.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

CONTAINING VARIOUS PARTICULARS.

MR. CECIL returned home from the Savoy greatly diſtreſſed, on the ignominious and lamentable end of his nephew, but as he wiſhed not to diſtreſs Mrs. Montague and the reſt of the family, by an abrupt diſcloſure of what had happened, he concealed it, for a time, from every one but Mr. Temple. That gentleman expreſſed much concern for the miſerable fate of Frederic, yet he endeavoured to reconcile Mr. Cecil to it by obſerving, that as every thing dreadful was to be feared

feared from the conduct of one loſt to the ſenſe of prudence, honour, virtue and ſhame, it was ſome conſolation the worſt was known that poſſibly could happen. Mr. Cecil was of this opinion, and therefore reſolved to think no more on ſo diſagreeable a ſubject. They both went to the Savoy the next morning, and gave directions for Frederic's funeral, in a more reſpectable manner than is uſually obſerved on ſimilar occaſions, but without any pomp whatever; this they defrayed at their own expence, and attended themſelves in perſon.

The next object of Mr. Cecil's attention was a ſituation for Miſs Brumpton. On conſulting the wife of his friend, at whoſe houſe he had placed her, the lady informed him, that during the time ſhe had been there, ſhe had

had ſhewn the moſt ſincere contrition for her paſt offences; and her conduct had been ſo exemplary, that being willing to join him in his benevolent intentions towards her, ſhe would, if he approved of it, retain her in the capacity of her waiting-maid.—Mr. Cecil returned the lady thanks for her generous offer to ſerve this unfortunate young woman, whoſe caſe merited the attention of humanity; and Miſs Brumpton being happy in the thought of remaining in ſo reſpectable a ſituation, which ſhe acknowledged with the higheſt gratitude, when it was made known to her, the plan was finally ſettled to the ſatisfaction of all parties. Mr. Cecil now propoſed immediately returning into Yorkſhire, and therefore gave Miſs Brumpton a ſum of money ſufficient to equip her for the ſtation he was about to leave her

her in. On this occaſion he gave her a friendly leſſon of advice, and then retired, but not without privately requeſting the lady to acquaint her with his nephew's death after he was gone.

He next fixed a day for quitting London with Mrs. Montague and his family, and wiſhed to have varied the route home, for the ſake of novelty, but from a deſire of knowing what the ſituation of his niece Emily was, for ſhe had never ſent any account how the affair of her huſband's commitment had ended. He therefore ſuppoſed, if he returned by the way of Northampton, he ſhould be able to get ſome intelligence reſpecting her, even ſhould the players have quitted the town.

They

They all ſet out on the day appointed, and met with nothing worthy notice till they arrived at the Peacock, in Northampton, where the civility of Mills always gains reſpect, and on enquiring after the players, he informed them, the whole company had left the town ſome time, except two, whom they found to be Emily and her huſband. The landlord further added, that the man had been confined in the town priſon almoſt ever ſince they went to London, being incapable of paying the demand of the pariſh officers for a *baſe-child*, as he termed it. To this he added, that the company being unable to aſſiſt him with the ſum neceſſary for his releaſe, were obliged to leave him and his wife behind; and that partly through want, and living ſo long in the damp priſon, he was ſeized with a malignant fever, which

which had put an end to his life the day before they arrived there.

Mr. Cecil did not diſcover his being related to the wife, but diſtantly enquired after her, when the honeſt landlord informed him, that her attachment to her huſband was ſo great, ſhe had been his conſtant companion during his confinement, and could not be prevailed on to quit him now he was dead, though he, who had been her friend occaſionally, and the officers of the pariſh, had that day done all in their power to convince her of the danger of her continuing in the priſon. "She was an extraordinary young woman," he ſaid, "for *cartain*, and he had often told his dame, *as how* he did not think ſhe would do ſo much for him, if he was to be in ſuch a *preminary*; but he was ſorry to ſay, his wife

had a heart like a Jew, or a Turk, and had ſcolded him ſeveral times for carrying victuals to the priſon; and ſaid he had no good in his head, for ſhe was ſure, *as how* he only went after the man for the ſake of his *trollup* of a wife, who was a young minx, and could be *no better than ſhe ſhould be*, to ſtay in the priſon only to draw honeſt womens' huſbands from them."

The company could not avoid ſmiling at the man's honeſt ſimplicity, though they were ſhocked with the account he had given of Emily and her huſband. Mr. Cecil and Mr. Temple went to the priſon, where they found the miſerable wife weeping over her huſband's corpſe; and it was almoſt with violence they got her to leave the place and go with them to the inn.

Notwith-

Notwithſtanding Mr. Cecil had ever reſented the raſh and diſobedient conduct of his nieces reſpecting their marriage, he admired Emily's generous and uncommon attachment to her huſband, worthleſs as he had been, and he conſidered it as an indication of a truly noble and benevolent mind.

He gave orders that the deceaſed ſhould be decently buried, at his expence, and ſtaid at Northampton till it was executed; after which, ſome cloaths were purchaſed for Emily, who was almoſt naked, and it was agreed ſhe ſhould return home with them.—They all ſet out from Northampton together, and arrived ſafe in Yorkſhire, without meeting with any adventure worthy of being noticed here.

CHAP. XXX.

IN WHICH THIS HISTORY DRAWS TOWARD A CONCLUSION.

THE return of the family, and the introduction of Mrs. Montague, were pleaſing circumſtances to Harriet, who had ſhut herſelf up from all company ſince her return from Northampton, on the tranſportation of her huſband; and Emily's releaſe from her miſerable ſituation and impending ruin, was conſidered as a fortunate event by all parties.

A few

A few days paſt ere Mr. Cecil ventured to acquaint Mrs. Montague with her huſband's death, and when he did, he concealed the moſt diſtreſsful circumſtances attending it.—Her ſurpriſe was great, and her ſorrow ſingular; but he uſed every endeavour to relieve her diſtreſs on the occaſion, and when the firſt tumult of her mind abated, and her grief became ſomewhat temperated, Mr. Temple, who was preſent, told her, though Mr. Cecil had reſolved to provide for her, ſhe had ſo wrought on the affections of her ſiſters, that they had generouſly agreed to allow her one hundred pounds each yearly, during her life, to compenſate for the fortune ſhe had been deprived of through their brother's folly and extravagance. And as they wiſhed her to conſider herſelf under no reſtraint from them on this account,

they had executed a deed of gift to that effect, for the faithful payment of the reſpective ſums out of their fortunes, ſo that the matter was ſecure on her part, and irrevocable on theirs.

This circumſtance threw Mrs. Montague into a flood of tears, from which, however, ſhe was ſoon relieved, by the entering in of Miſs Cecil, Mrs. Temple, and her ſiſters, who were waiting in an adjoining room, till the gentlemen had finiſhed what they had to ſay this worthy woman. They all embraced her, and ſolicited her to baniſh all ſorrow, and be chearful and happy. Mrs. Temple told her, it was the wiſh of the family ſhe would remain with Emily, Harriet and Sophia, who for a time might live together, unleſs ſhe had any wiſhes to the contrary. Mrs. Montague aſſured them ſhe had not, nor

nor could not, for they had bound her to them by the ſtrongeſt and moſt pleaſing of all obligations, a generous wiſh to make her happy; and ſhe aſſured them, ſhe ſhould always endeavour to acknowledge their unbounded goodneſs, by every act of love and gratitude in her power.

A few days after this, Mr. Cecil received a letter from the Captain of the ſhip who had the charge of conveying Harriet's huſband to the place of his deſtination, wherein he informed him, that he was taken ill before the ſhip ſet ſail, and died on the tenth day after they left England.

Mr. Cecil returned thanks to the Almighty, for the deliverance his family had obtained from this circumſtance, and that of Emily's huſband's

death; and he told Emily and Harriet, he hoped the difficulties and diſtreſſes they had experienced, through their diſobedience and raſh conduct, would inſtruct them in future to avoid falling into a ſecond error of that nature. "Your fortunes," ſaid he, "will now be in your own poſſeſſion, undiminiſhed; and I moſt ſincerely hope, you will take care how you riſk them, your credit, or your happineſs again. I do not mean," continued he, "to diſſuade you from a ſecond marriage, but it is my wiſh, that you will not make an imprudent or unadviſed choice. Marriage is the dictate of nature, and the inſtitution of Providence; but when it is entered into with raſhneſs and fraud, it always ends in diſappointment or infelicity. Your brother is no more—and though his fate is to be lamented, it is a happi-

neſs,

neſs, all things conſidered, we have known the end of him.—He removed himſelf at too early an age from the notice and direction of thoſe he ſhould have loved and feared, and from the ſtudies he ought to have reverenced. By this apoſtacy, he ſoon learnt to conſider obedience and virtue as reſtraints and oppreſſions; and, deviating from duty, regularity and prudence, raſhly plunged into the follies, diſſipations and vices of the metropolis. He there found himſelf under no reſtraint, while he had either money or credit, and, therefore, proceeded from folly to folly, and from vice to vice, till want prompted villainy, and villainy brought on a ſhameful and miſerable death.—His hiſtory, if known, would be a forcible caution to young minds againſt thoſe acts, which are too generally ſuppoſed not to lead to gilt, but of which vice,

ſhame

ſhame and hopeleſs miſery are the natural, and almoſt neceſſary conſequences; eſpecially where the dependance of virtue upon religion is not properly conſidered and believed. Examples like this would tend to ſtrengthen the weakneſs of our reſolutions, and regulate the inconſiſtencies of human conduct."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF TWO MARRIAGES.

FROM the moment Emily and Harriet married in the imprudent manner they did, it was Mr. Cecil's wiſh, that an opportunity might preſent itſelf to diſpoſe of Sophia, his youngeſt niece, happily in marriage. For though ſhe had never ſhewn a diſpoſition to imprudence or diſobedience, ſince her father's death, he conſidered that her youth, inexperience of life, and fortune, might ſubject her to the deſigns of artful men; and that though ſhe had hitherto copied the manners and conduct of her amiable ſiſter, Mrs. Temple,

Temple, and ſubmitted herſelf to her advice and direction, love might engage her attention, and a pretty fellow, however unworthy, might lead her aſtray from the paths of virtue and and happineſs. Theſe conſiderations dwelt much upon his mind, till he was relieved from them by the receipt of the following letter from Mr. Fairbank, his particular friend, whoſe wife had taken Miſs Brumpton in the capacity of her waiting-maid, as already related:

"OLD FRIEND,

"Soon after you quitted London, my ſon informed me, he was enamoured with your niece Sophia. He alſo tells me, he has ſtrong reaſons for believing, that the young lady has entertained favourable ſentiments of him. He has aſked my advice on the matter, and

and ſolicited my permiſſion to make your niece a viſit, in order to inform himſelf more fully as to her inclinations reſpecting him.—However, Sir, you may be attached to me and my family, or in whatever advantageous light you may conſider this hint of mine, I by no means wiſh you to attempt influencing your niece. For though my boy likes her, it does not follow that ſhe may approve of him; therefore let her choice be free to accept or refuſe. For my own part, I do not wiſh my ſon to enter into a more reſpectable alliance than with your family; and though he is young, as he has hitherto been ſtrictly dutiful and virtuous, I am not willing to check this firſt ſally of a laudable inclination. If it can be a match of mutual attachment, and meet with your approbation, it is a conſummation moſt devoutly wiſhed by me and my wife.

" I ſhall

" I ſhall with-hold my ſon from making a viſit, till I am in poſſeſſion of your ſentiments on this matter, leſt his mind ſhould be more embarraſſed than it appears at preſent, and the affair not come to a happy iſſue.

" I remain, as ever,

" Your's,

" Moſt truly,

" GEORGE FAIRBANK."

On the receipt of this letter, Mr. Cecil deſired Mrs. Temple would have ſome converſation with Sophia, and endeavour to learn the ſtate of her mind reſpecting young Fairbank.—The reſult of this was an unreſerved and generous confeſſion from her ſiſter, of her having entertained favourable ſentiments of him.

Mr.

Mr. Cecil rejoiced greatly when he was informed of this, and as he knew the integrity of his friend, he was perfectly ſatisfied as to the character he had given of his ſon. He wrote an immediate anſwer to the letter, which contained Mrs. Temple's account of her ſiſter's ſentiments, and his aſſurance of concurring with the wiſhes of all parties.

In a few days the young gentleman made a viſit, and as ſoon as matters could be properly ſettled, the marriage was ſolemnized, to the mutual ſatisfaction of both families.

A ſhort time after this, old Mrs. Fairbank wrote a letter to Mr. Cecil, in which ſhe acquainted him, ſhe had lately diſcovered a particular intimacy between their principal Clerk and Miſs

Miſs Brumpton, which at firſt alarmed her, but on queſtioning her reſpecting it, ſhe found it was ſtrictly honourable. The fact was, the beauty of her perſon had captivated the Clerk, and he had made a propoſal of marriage, which ſhe had refuſed to liſten to, from an opinion of her own unworthineſs, and becauſe ſhe thought herſelf bound by gratitude and honour not to diſpoſe of herſelf without the knowledge and conſent of Mr. Cecil.—It alſo appeared, ſhe had by a letter informed the Clerk of all that had happened to her, and aſſigned this as a reaſon for her wiſhing him to relinquiſh his ſolicitations: but the generous frankneſs of her confeſſion, had increaſed, rather than abated his attachment to her, and his repeated and ardent importunities, after this, had inclined her to favour his wiſhes, provided Mr. Cecil was conſulted and adviſed her to it.—

Whereupon

Whereupon he wrote Miſs Brumpton the following letter:

"MADAM,

"Mrs. Fairbank has acquainted me with the particulars of what has paſſed between you and the principle Clerk of the houſe; and I am alſo informed of your wiſhes for my advice on the ſubject.——Be aſſured, I have no intention to direct you authoritatively, but as a friend, deſirous of doing you any ſervice in my power. The delicacy of your feelings and ſentiments reſpecting your misfortune, (for ſuch alone can I call it) is a proof of a noble mind; and the liberality of your diſcloſing it, does you the higheſt honour. If the young man is agreeable to your own mind, I ſee no good reaſon for your rejecting his generous offer; for if you are ſatisfied of the

ſincerity of your own ſentiments and affection, you ought to entertain no doubt of his truth and honour.—You have not deceived him by concealing your ſecret, and, therefore, I think you may ſafely venture to embrace his offer. If he marries you, circumſtanced as you are, he gives you every aſſurance of his love, and he will merit your warmeſt affection. Accept his offer, under theſe conſiderations; and if you ſtudy to make him and yourſelf happy, depend upon it, it will be ſo.——Whenever your union is conſummated, I have deſired Mr. Fairbank to pay you two hundred pounds, as a ſmall marriage portion. —Have it always in remembrance, that to be happy you muſt be good; and look up to the Almighty with reverential gratitude for every bleſſing he beſtows upon you.

"I am,

"Your well-wiſher and friend,

JOHN CECIL."

It will only be neceſſary, in this place, to inform the reader, that in a few days after Miſs Brumpton received this letter, ſhe gave her hand and heart to the worthy young man who had ſolicited her alliance in the bands of wedlock. The wedding was kept at Mr. Fairbank's, by the deſire of the family, and that gentleman preſented Mr. Welldon (for that was his Clerk's name) with two hundred pounds, to anſwer Mr. Cecil's gift to his wife, and as a token of reſpect for his faithful ſervices.

CHAP. XXXII.

WHICH CONCLUDES THIS WORK.

MR. CECIL found his anxiety for the welfare of his niece Sophia greatly relieved on her marriage. Old Mr. Fairbank, who was a merchant in a conſiderable line of buſineſs, ſoon reſigned his affairs to his ſon, with half his fortune, and retired to his country ſeat, where he and his wife ſpent their days in tranquillity and happineſs.—The young couple enjoyed the bliſsful pleaſures of conjugal felicity, through mutual complacency, affection and adoration of each other. They have lately had

had an increaſe of happineſs by the birth of ſon.

Mr. and Mrs. Welldon imitate the example ſet them by this amiable pair; and Mrs. Welldon's prudent and virtuous conduct ſince her marriage, is an indubitable proof, that women of the town are not always abandoned from a vicious principle; but that reformation would often take place, if the opportunity of doing it offered itſelf, which, perhaps, very rarely happens.

Mr. Temple has been conſiderably promoted in the church, and from the examplary conduct of his life, and unremitting attentions to the duties of his function, he is beloved and adorned by every one to whom he is known. His amiable wife is an ornament

ment to her ſex, and an honour to her huſband; and ſhe has bleſt him with two beautiful children, viz. a ſon and a daughter.

Emily and Harriet remain at the family manſion, and have not ſhewn the leaſt diſpoſition to a ſecond marriage. They entertain a juſt ſenſe of their paſt folly; and this appears to influence their preſent conduct in whatever is amiable and praiſe-worthy. Mrs. Montague ſtill lives with them; it is the ſtudy of their lives to make her happy, and ſhe is ſo, except when occaſional converſation or circumſtances bring the image of her huſband to remembrance. She then mentions him with affectionate reſpect, and ſheds a tear in ſilent ſorrow.

Mr. Cecil and his ſiſter now live together in the ſtricteſt harmony and friendſhip;

friendſhip; for her mind is no longer embarraſſed with the ridiculous deluſions of aſtrology and conjuration. She is chearful and happy in herſelf, and takes pleaſure in ſeeing others ſo. —Her worthy brother enjoys the regions of calm content and placid meditation. His benevolent heart leads him to expend much of his fortune in well-diſpoſed acts of charity, to the induſtrious poor around him, whenever ſickneſs or other unforeſeen events give riſe to calamitous neceſſity. He is juſt and generous, ſocial and beneficent. A friend to every one, and an enemy to no one. A mind thus diſpoſed muſt be capable of enjoying the ſupreme happineſs of terreſtrial beings.

Having brought this Hiſtory to a concluſion, I have only to remark, that through the courſe of the whole work,

work, it has been my principle aim, to improve the morals and felicity of mankind, by ſhewing the deformity of vice and the beauty of virtue. To which ends I have endeavoured to recommended and inculcate wiſdom and piety, in oppoſition to the licentiouſneſs and levity of the preſent age.

FINIS.